

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

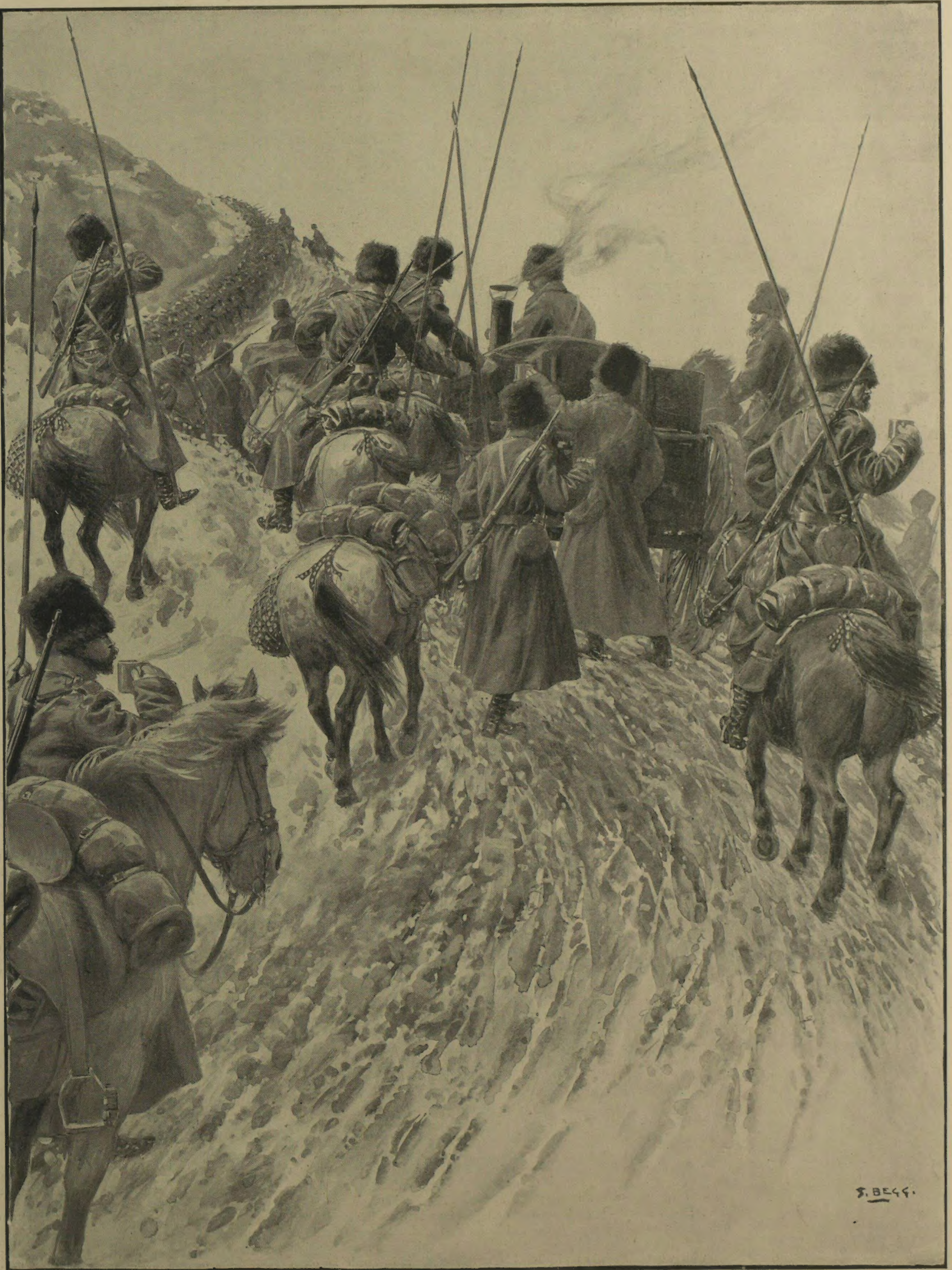
REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3397.—VOL. CXXIV.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1904

WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: SIXPENCE.
ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES.

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A TRAVELLING KITCHEN: THE RUSSIAN CART FOR COOKING ON THE MARCH.

The kitchen consists of a cylindrical boiler with a capacity of about forty gallons. It is fitted with a collapsible chimney. The boiler is mounted on a cart drawn by a mule or stout pony. Everything that the troops can pick up on the march—fowls, ducks, or pigs—is thrown into the pot to simmer as the column proceeds. Tea or soup can be served at any moment. This drawing was made by S. Begg from photographs by an officer on the China station.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Enthusiasts who dream of universal brotherhood, the obliteration of frontiers, and the extinction of racial prejudice should read M. Emile Boutmy's work on "The English People." In his admirable introduction Mr. J. C. Bodley says of it that "it is a handbook to explain why French and English can never completely understand one another's ways of thought, can never mount or descend to the same standpoint for their view of humanity." We can bear that in mind without impairing the Entente. Besides, although some of M. Boutmy's philosophical generalisation leaves the surprising impression that our terrible climate keeps the Englishman, in some respects, true to his ancestry (he is descended, I understand, from the giant Blunderbore), we get from the French observer an impression of our virtues more surprising still. It is very gratifying to learn, for instance, that the Englishman throws himself into work with the same zest and eagerness with which he takes to sport. He loves work for its own sake. In his office (even in the public offices) he is at once absorbed in it, permitting no distraction; whereas a Frenchman will give his time, and even the public time, to watching a fly. When you enter a place of business as a visitor, do you behold any young men lounging, reading the newspapers, or otherwise neglecting their duties? "Never!" says M. Boutmy.

Yes, we may be very like the primeval ogre of Britain; but we are also very like the young gentleman who was the slave of duty in the "Pirates of Penzance," a philosophical masterpiece which must have been of great service to M. Boutmy in his studies. He can scarcely find words to express his admiration for the zest and eagerness of the British Workman's love of toil. Why does the B. W. exhibit a far greater amount of energy than the Irishman or the German? "It is because the moments of his activity are much closer together—i.e., there are no vacant intervals, no half seconds occupied by a sort of stoppage while the thoughts wander." Clearly, M. Boutmy has never heard of the artful practice known as "ca' canny," or, if he has, he treats it as a slander beneath a philosopher's notice. The B. W. never stops to let his thoughts wander. This unremitting adhesiveness to the job in hand is the "true basis of the Englishman's character." You will take my word for it that, as I write, not even for half a second do I pause to reflect upon the lunch I have just eaten, and its shortcomings. There is a fly on the window-pane; but if I gaze at it, I am wondering how I can transfix it with an epigram. Hal it is gone. Marvellous instinct of self-preservation!

But the Englishman's imagination is "lethargic and dull." Under such a sky, what else can you expect? Our "big, white-skinned bodies, bathed in an atmosphere of perpetual moisture," are good for surgical operations or the cannon's mouth. On the battlefield, or under the surgeon's knife, the Englishman is calm, whereas the Italian excites and agitates himself. Chloroform is apparently unknown in Italian hospitals. Can you guess why advertisers repeat themselves on every hoarding; why the quintessence of beef extracts spells itself laboriously every night with electric letters? M. Boutmy knows. It is because "these thousand repetitions are absolutely necessary in order to penetrate the thick covering which, with the English, envelops the organ of perception." As you walk down the Paris boulevards you see no posters reiterating the assurance that the best of pick-me-ups has been invented for your salvation. The Frenchman knows that intuitively. The true basis of his character is a natural apprehension of everything that is good for him before he hears of it. But with the English "it is necessary to strike hard, or repeatedly, in order to reach their perceptions." Even their humour is an illuminated fog. "The brilliant effect is obtained by the mind's momentary divorce from reason, reality, and limit."

Still, we are sincere. To the English sincerity M. Boutmy pays a wholesome tribute. A French philosopher's ideas of an alien race, says Mr. Bodley, are derived chiefly from books, not from personal observation; and I fancy that M. Boutmy has found in Shakspeare's Timon of Athens the type of the sincere Englishman, brutal, inhuman, but thorough. We speak our minds, says the French critic, without the least regard for the feelings of others. So did Timon. When he was an optimist, believing that he had money enough to distribute diamond buckles among his friends, and that, if he were in dire want of diamond buckles, his friends would do the same by him, he said as much to them at dinner. And when he had lost everything, and his friends were quite unmindful of their obligations to him, he expressed himself with the same indelicate openness. Moreover, he stuck to one idea with what M. Boutmy doubtless regards as true British tenacity.

When he was ruined, and retired to a cave, he went into the woods to dig for roots, and found incalculable treasure. Now, a man of real resource would have returned to Athens, set up a more fashionable house than ever, and sent cards to his old friends in this style: "Mr. Timon At Home. No More Diamond Buckles."

How much more rational than to go on living in a cave, and receiving visitors with indecent candour about their characters and antecedents! When I saw the play at the Court Theatre last week I guessed how M. Boutmy had been misled. "Here," said he, "we find Shakspeare pleasantly satirising the typical Englishman, who dies of his national malady, *le spleen*, inhaled in his foggy climate. That Timon is represented as an Athenian is but an example of Shakspeare's well-known love of anachronism. How English is the obstinate resolve to die rather than turn the new fortune to account like a sensible man! How English the practical engineering skill which enabled Timon to die and bury himself under a tombstone whereupon he had left a suitable inscription! In an old plate we see an Athenian soldier reading the inscription, and wondering how on earth Timon managed his interment. So have we often wondered at the brutal but indomitable genius which has enabled the English to conquer material difficulties all over the globe." But I hold that "Timon of Athens" should lead us into quite a different track of inquiry. As I watched the performance at the Court, the conviction grew stronger that Bacon wrote this shocking bad play, and persuaded Shakspeare's good nature to father it.

In the middle, you see, Bacon, being quite an amateur, does not know whether to make Timon or Alcibiades the hero. Indeed, having dismissed Timon to the woods to dig for gold, he starts a new story, in which the soldierly Alcibiades begs the Senate to spare the life of his friend, who has yielded to great provocation, and slain another citizen. Who is this friend? For whose sake does Alcibiades, waxing hot with zeal, bring on his own head the sentence of banishment? You think it must be Timon. He has driven a spear perchance through the midriff of one of the gentlemen with the diamond buckles. But no; Timon is delving in the woods, and meditating that stroke of mechanical genius which lands him in a tomb with a neatly carved mausoleum on top of him. Alcibiades at the Court drew his sword, and swore to be even with the Senate for sending his anonymous friend to instant execution. There was wild applause, for we thought we had seen the last of Timon, and were in for a tale of gory revenge, such as the English love. What was the amazement of an innocent pit to find that Bacon had dropped this thread, and taken up Timon again as a wild man of the forest! Then who was the gentleman befriended by Alcibiades with so much futile eloquence?

I have submitted this question to eminent Shaksperian scholars, and they have put it by with manifest uneasiness. In "The Poets' Corner" Mr. Max Beerbohm has a picture of Shakspeare, with the calculating expression of a bald-headed cashier, receiving from Bacon the manuscript of "Hamlet." This is a slip on the part of my brilliant and audacious friend. He meant "Timon of Athens." Bacon has just been reading the play to Shakspeare, who has made a mental sum of the money it will bring in under his name, and is vastly diverted by its badness. And yet Shakspeare would appear to have been so taken by the inscription on Timon's tomb that he wrote one of the same quality for his own. Both are doggerel dire. Or did he yield to Bacon's entreaty, and let him write the inscription for the tomb at Stratford? These problems of Shaksperian or Baconian scholarship, I venture to say, have a certain freshness. And to think that but for Mr. J. H. Leigh's production of "Timon of Athens" at the Court they might never have come up! The world is much indebted to Mr. Leigh.

From France comes the singular report that the novel there is declining because people find it less fatiguing to follow a story on the stage than to follow it in print. This shows that we disagree about fatigue as about other things. The advantage of reading a moderately dull novel is that you can put it down at intervals and do something else; but as etiquette forbids you to quit the theatre in the middle of a moderately dull play, you have to suffer a boredom fiercer in its intensity for two or three hours than any sensation of weariness elsewhere. Over your novel you may yawn or even snatch a nap; but you can do neither of these things at the play with any social credit. Besides, common humanity demands that you should respect the actors. They cannot go to sleep; they must act the dull piece as if they believed in it. Sisyphus, heaving his huge, round stone up the high hill, could not have been an exhilarating sight; but Sisyphus playing his part for all it is worth is often an image of heartrending pathos.

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R. N.

Despite the awful catastrophe which has elicited a very natural expression of grief and sympathy from the civilised world, there is no radical change in the situation to be recorded. The air, it is true, has been full of rumours of disaster by land and sea; but when these have been sifted and examined, nothing remains to lead the unbiassed observer to conclude that the Japanese position is any worse than it was a week ago, or that the Russian position has improved. Kuropatkin has not been reinforced to any material extent; Port Arthur has not shaken off the bonds which are being drawn gradually closer about it; and the outlook at Vladivostok is, if anything, less encouraging than it has been at any previous time. The attitude of onlookers must remain, therefore, one of expectation—the expectation of great and stirring events in the very near future.

But although it would be a mistake to regard the disaster which has befallen the Japanese fleet as materially affecting the situation, the loss of the fine battle-ship *Hatsuse* and the useful cruiser *Yoshino* to Admiral Togo is not a matter to be dismissed in a sentence. Thanks to the Admiral's earlier successes, he can afford to lose a ship or two at this juncture; but it was a stroke of ill-luck to have them snatched away—the one by a mishap to which all fleets are liable and most have experienced; the other by a blow which has the look, at all events, of having been delivered "below the belt." We may dismiss as incredible the story that the Russians, taking a leaf out of the Japanese books, "laid" the mines in a locality which the ships of the Mikado were in the custom of frequenting. The chart and Admiral Togo's report disprove this yarn; for mines cannot be "laid," in the ordinary acceptance of the term, in waters as deep as are those "ten miles south-east of the harbour entrance" of Port Arthur. We are forced to assume, therefore, that the special correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News* was correct when he said, a few days before the disaster, that the Russians were setting mines adrift in the Liao-tung Gulf. Moreover, he is corroborated by the special correspondent of the *Times*, who states that he saw Russian mines floating on the sea a few miles outside of Wei-hai-Wei.

The question naturally arises whether such indiscriminate sowing of neutral waters with these diabolical machines is, or should be regarded as, a legitimate operation of war. It looks more like the act of a desperate man who cares not what injury he may do so he strikes at the hated foe. There are no Russian hulls in the Yellow Sea, but there are British and American ships. How will the nations to which these vessels belong regard this peculiar and unusual method of waging war? The *Espiegle* passed up the Gulf of Pechili only two days after the *Hatsuse* was sunk, and a United States cruiser arrived at Chefoo a few hours previously. Either of these men-of-war might have experienced the fate of the Japanese battle-ship. Will the Great Powers which are interested wait for such catastrophe before protesting against methods which, at least, have not the sanction of international law and usage. It has been said, and with truth, that the ordinary mines in use in European land and sea services are not expected to have such disastrous effects as have followed the striking of the *Petropavlovsk* and the *Hatsuse* upon the mines used in this war. The explanation is apparently simple. Two mines, both of extra size and power, are fastened together by a length of rope, probably manila rope, which floats. The mines are buoyed to remain at varying depths. A vessel, striking one mine, possibly by entangling the rope in her screw, explodes it, and then, forging through the water, brings up the other and explodes that also. It is the combined effect of the two mines that completes the destruction. There are circumstances and situations where the use of such methods of mining is quite legitimate—that of the Japanese at the entrance to Port Arthur was one—but to send such mines adrift in neutral waters is not to be defended on any grounds.

The official reports of the circumstances attending the landing of the Japanese at Taku-shan and Kin-chau dispose of the rumours of disaster in this connection, while the Russian official reports show that there was no foundation for the story of a Japanese reverse in the neighbourhood of the Motien-lin Pass. It is clear that there have been, as was the case before the battle of the Yalu, a number of skirmishes between the advanced scouts on either side, and the Japanese appear to be pushing their reconnaissance in considerable force in order, no doubt, to determine the strength of their opponents opposite the various columns. From General Kuropatkin's telegram describing the fight at Datiansy, the column which is furthest north is in greater strength than was originally supposed; and this fact supports the conjecture that a bold attempt is to be made to cut the Russian line of communications in the neighbourhood of Mukden. It is evident that if the Japanese can reach the railway somewhere near Kai-yuan in sufficient force to overpower the Russian guards, this line of retirement will be stopped. The circumstance that the advanced parties of General Kuroki's column have fallen back towards Feng-huang-cheng does not necessarily mean that such a plan is not in contemplation. It is just as likely to indicate a movement intended to strengthen the advance of the columns more recently landed. It is quite clear from the report that the Russians have reoccupied Newchwang that the Japanese are concentrating their forces. The operations of the detached squadrons under Admirals Hosoya and Todo Masamichi seem also to be intended to create a diversion at various points on the coast, and to keep the enemy employed while the arrangements for the main object are being carried out.

The report that the *Bogatyr*, the stranded cruiser of the Vladivostok squadron, had been blown up is denied. Her total loss would be more than a set-off for the loss of the *Yoshino*, as the Russian cruiser was not only a newer and heavier vessel, but the handiest ship the Russians had under

Admiral Jessen. Like the *Yoshino*, the *Bogatyr* was a protected vessel—that is to say, she was not protected by vertical armour, but carried an armoured deck over the vital parts; her coal capacity was large, and she had good speed. Her disablement is, in its way, a more severe blow than the sinking of the *Yoshino*, and is doubly unfortunate, happening as it has at the moment of the arrival of Admiral Skrydloff at Vladivostok, for the advent of this gallant officer is looked upon as signifying a renewal of energetic action on the part of the squadron.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

The first performance of "Die Meistersinger" during the present season was given at Covent Garden on May 20, and was chiefly remarkable for Herr van Rooy's masterly interpretation of the character of Hans Sachs. Herr Herold, who sustained the part of Walther, has firmly established himself now at Covent Garden as an artist of high excellence and an admirable actor. Tenors are so rare nowadays that his beautiful voice is doubly welcomed and valued. Herr Reiss, Herr Krasa, Herr Knüpfer, and Frau Egli all did admirable work; and Dr. Richter, who conducted, is to be warmly congratulated for the high excellence of the entire performance.

"VERONIQUE," AT THE APOLLO.

It is a real pleasure, after a plethora of inconsequent and tinkling musical comedy, to come across a dainty comic opera like "Veronique," which possesses at once a coherent and pretty plot, and music which is light without being meretricious, is full of graceful, refined melody and happy and ingenious orchestration. If Mr. George Edwards really aims at improving the tone of our lyric stage, he could not have made a better start than by producing in English this exquisite piece, which in its French form had all too short a run at the Coronet. Perhaps in the process of translation there has disappeared part of the idyllic sentiment and gentle humour of MM. Vanloo and Duval's piquant story—the story of a madcap child's romantic love-adventure; but fortunately there was no need to "adapt" M. Messenger's score, and so for the first time since old Savoy days playgoers could enjoy the delights of a stream of song perpetually fresh and charming. No wonder the Apollo audience waxed wildly enthusiastic over so unusual an experience, and insisted on a repetition of such sparkling numbers as the swing duet and the "bee" chansonette. But the London première of "Veronique" resembled a Savoy first-night in more ways than one, for it witnessed the triumph of two popular Savoyards. Ideally suited to the title-role was Miss Ruth Vincent, whose singing and acting alike were characterised by just the right spirit of innocent, light-hearted gaiety. Miss Rosina Brandram, too, as Veronique's protesting chaperon, kept to the proper level of high comedy, and sang her "bee" song like a true artist. Indeed, the only weak point in the Apollo representation was the extravagant farcicality of Messrs. Graves and Emney, for in Mr. Lawrence Rea we have a tenor of great promise. But if the English comedians fell below their Gallic predecessors, the French production had no such lovely stage-pictures as the English "Veronique." Such a set as Mr. Harker's woodland scene with hawthorn and chestnut trees abloom is not to be matched outside London, and, wonder of wonders, the Apollo costumiers have contrived to make out of the none too picturesque fashions of the 'forties a perfectly beautiful harmony of colours.

"TIMON OF ATHENS," AT THE COURT.

It is nearly fifty years since "Timon of Athens" was last performed in London—when it was given, of course, by Phelps, at Sadler's Wells—and therefore a considerable historic interest attaches to Mr. J. H. Leigh's current Court revival of this monotonous and gloomy play. Distinguished by just a few splendid lines, disfigured by wild extravagance of portraiture, it is not hard to see why this particular tragedy has been so long neglected. But Mr. Leigh deserves the playgoer's gratitude for permitting him to reaffirm history's verdict on the piece, and for giving it quite a handsome setting. Of Mr. Leigh's purely elocutionary interpretation of the misanthrope it is unnecessary to say much; on the other hand, Mr. Hermann Vezin makes a highly impressive Apemantus, and Mr. Frank Cooper, as the vehement soldier, Alcibiades, has some very fine moments.

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P. & O. STEAM YACHT "VECTIS,"

6000 tons; 6000 h.p., will leave on her first Pleasure Cruise to NORWAY and the FAR NORTH in the first week of July.

For particulars apply to the Company's West-End Office, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.

NORTH OF SCOTLAND AND ORKNEY AND SHETLAND STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S

SUMMER CRUISES.

The fine Steam Yacht "St. Sunniva," from Leith, to the West Coast and Fiords of Norway, June 4, 16, and 28; July 9 and 21; and August 2.

From LONDON, round the BRITISH ISLES, August 15 and 30.

From ALBERT DOCK, LEITH, to CAITHNESS and the ORKNEY and SHETLAND ISLANDS, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, and from ABERDEEN five times a week, from May 1 to September 30.

ST. MAGNUS HOTEL, HILLSWICK, SHETLAND, under the Company's Management, open from June 1 to September 30.

Comfortable quarters and excellent Cuisine. Grand Rock Scenery and good Loch and Sea Fishing in neighbourhood.

Full particulars from Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, London; Wordie and Co., 75, West Nile Street, Glasgow; George Houston, 18, Waterloo Place, Edinburgh, and 1, Tower Place, Leith; and

CHARLES MERRYLLS, Manager, Aberdeen.

LONDON TO ST. PETERSBURG.

New Fast Passenger Steamers, via KIEL CANAL, leaving every Saturday. Voyage Four Days. Fares: First Class, Single, £5 15s.; Return, £9 10s., including Victualing. Stewardess carried.—Write for Illustrated Pamphlet to TEGNER, PRICE & Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

SOMETHING NEW. ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS (late Hengler's).

Oxford Circus (Tube) Station. Twice daily, at 3 and 8.

The largest Animal Circus extant, and the only entertainment of its kind in the whole world. Over 200 performing Animals, including Bare-Back Riders, Clown Dogs, Clown Monkeys, Performing Bears and Goats. Grand Monkey Pantomime, as performed for three consecutive seasons at the Zoological Circus, Vienna. See the Great Military Review, the Court Martial Scene, and Real Monkey Judges. Popular Prices, from 1s. Children half-price to all parts.

LONDON HIPPODROME,

CRANBORN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.

Managing Director, Mr. H. E. MOSS.

Twice DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.

AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING'S BANK HOLIDAY.

On Bank Holiday his Majesty patronised one of the sporting resorts of his subjects. King Edward left Windsor early, and went by motor-car to Hurst Park. His Majesty spent some time on the racecourse, and returned early in the evening to Windsor. The State Apartments of the Castle were, of course, closed to holiday-makers on account of the presence of the Court, but his Majesty threw open the East Terrace, the Royal Chapels and Mews, and commanded the bands of the Royal Horse Guards and Coldstream Guards to play upon the terrace.



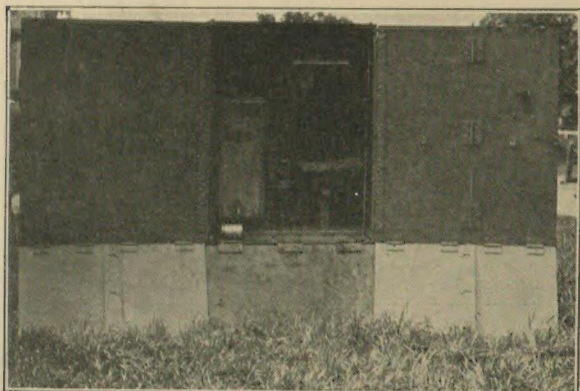
SAVED FROM THE "HATSUSE":
ADMIRAL NASHIBA,
COMMANDING FIRST JAPANESE
SQUADRON.

GERMANY AND RUSSIA.

The Kaiser is credited with a desire to make with Russia an Agreement similar to the Anglo-French Agreement, but rather closer. Some people go so far as to say that an alliance has actually been formed. How Russia could reconcile a German alliance with her French alliance it is difficult to see. But the Kaiser is supposed to have an almost feverish desire to befriend Russia, partly for politic reasons arising out of the contiguity of frontiers, partly on account of his dread of the "yellow peril." In Western Europe there is a growing disinclination to treat the Japanese as a people who threaten our civilisation. But the Kaiser is said to regard them as a heathenish horde to be overcome by a Christian paladin, whose name should occur to everybody. This is not the notion of the German people, who are believed to sympathise with Japan chiefly because they fear and dislike Russia. But the Kaiser holds firmly to the divine right which teaches him that he knows better than his people what is good for them.

THE BOER CONGRESS AT PRETORIA.

General Botha is presiding over a Congress of Boers which began its sittings at Pretoria on May 23. In his opening speech the General touched upon the question of language in schools, and said that he believed that the



THE IVAL BULLET-PROOF MOTOR FOR AMBULANCE WORK:
THE SHIELDS EXTENDED TO PROTECT BEARERS.

study of Dutch and English by both races would expedite the progress of South Africa as a nation. The time had come for the farmers to organise for financial and agricultural purposes. He referred with gratitude to the amnesty granted by the Cape Government, but called attention to the fact that Mr. Chamberlain's promise to provide for the widows of those who fell in the war still remained unfulfilled in many instances. General Botha contradicted the rumours that the Congress had assembled to ask for a responsible Government, which he held had been granted at the conclusion of peace.

THE BRITISH EXPEDITION IN TIBET.

The Tibetans still offer ill-advised opposition to the advance of the British Mission, and have thereby raised the undertaking to the dignity of an Expedition, with the Forbidden City of Lassa as its probable destination. A continuous fire from rifle and jingal is maintained upon the British camp at Gyangtse, and the line of communications has been somewhat seriously menaced. The fighting has been marked by considerable dash and bravery on both sides, and the fact that the Tibetans are using comparatively modern arms in place of the bow-and-arrow and the spear is the cause of much comment. Of the men recently hit, three were struck by rifle-bullets, and high-velocity bullets are said to be whizzing all over the field during the night. The source of supply of these arms provides an interesting problem for the international jurists to tackle. A patrol has been ambuscaded and a village, which threatened the line of communications, captured.

MINES IN NEUTRAL WATERS.

The news that the Japanese battle-ship *Hatsuse* was ten miles south-east of the entrance to Port Arthur Harbour when she struck the mines that sank her has aroused considerable speculation and some indignation. The point at issue is the legality of laying explosive mines in the open sea. Admiral Algernon de Horsey, one of the first naval men to take the matter up, implores the opinion of some qualified international jurist, holding that the laying of mines beyond territorial waters is "not only inhuman, but a breach of international law and practice." The menace to neutral shipping in such a case is obvious. "Is it conceivable," the Admiral asks, "that if England were at war with another nation we should be justified in endangering the ships of all neutral nations navigating the English Channel. United States attachés have been ordered to report on mines off the Manchurian coast."

AMERICA AND CUBA.

The banquet held in New York to celebrate the second anniversary of Cuban independence gained much in interest by the reading of a letter from President Roosevelt. "It is not true," he wrote, "that the United States is hungry for land. If a nation shows that it knows how to act decently in industrial and political matters, keeps order, and pays its obligations, it need not fear. Uninterrupted and brutal wrongdoing, or impotence resulting from a general loosening of the ties of civilised society, may finally require inter-



A NEW FEATURE AT THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT:
EQUESTRIAN PUSHBALL BY TEAMS OF THE HORSE GUARDS.
We lately illustrated this sport as it was first introduced at Berlin. The above photograph was taken during practice for the Tournament at Windsor.

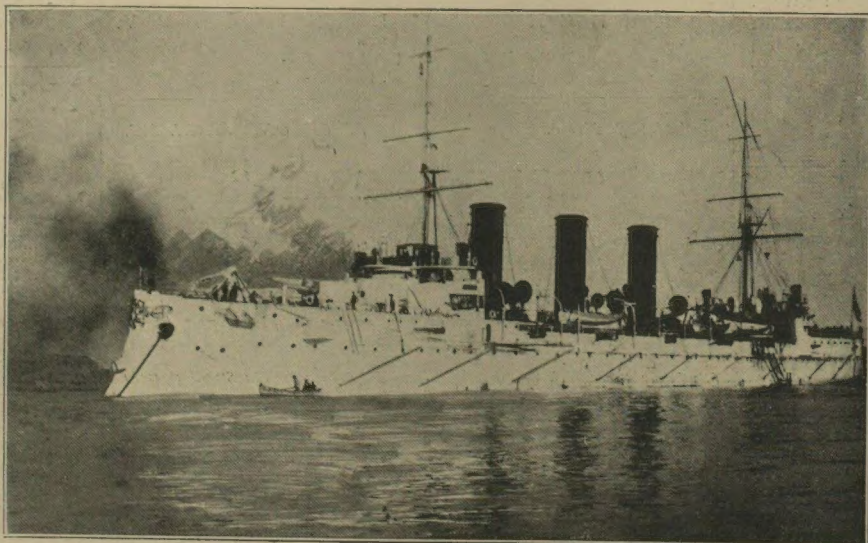
vention by some civilised nation; and in the Western Hemisphere the United States cannot ignore this duty; but it remains true that our interests and those of our southern neighbour are in reality identical."

A MERCIFUL MOTOR.

There has lately been tested at Bisley the new Ival bullet-proof motor for the use of Army medical officers and stretcher-bearers on the field of battle. The motor is three-wheeled and of simple mechanism. The bullet-proof shields are so arranged that they can be extended wing-fashion to protect two sets of stretcher-bearers in the firing-line. The motors can be used for hospital traction or for driving ice-making machines for the field-hospitals.

WALES AND EDUCATION.

The resistance to the Education Act is breaking down in Wales. Last autumn the Carmarthenshire County Council passed some fiery resolutions against the Act, and refused to administer it. But it was not foreseen that this attitude would prove a very costly business for the ratepayers.



ANOTHER LOSS TO THE RUSSIAN NAVY: THE STRANDED CRUISER "BOGATYR."
The "Bogatyr," which ran aground in a fog on the rocks at the entrance to Vladivostok Harbour on or about May 15, was a vessel of 6500 tons. She was built in 1900 at Stettin. All her guns were quick-firing. They included twelve 6-in., twelve 3-in., eight 3-pounders, and two 1-pounders. She carried four torpedo-tubes, and was partially armoured. Her speed was 23 knots.

Owing to the collapse of school attendance, the Government grants, amounting to £7000 a year, melted away. It is one thing to be a Passive Resister in England with a "martyrdom" which costs

three-and-sixpence, and quite a different thing to be a Welsh ratepayer whose County Council has let him in for such a financial disaster as befell Carmarthenshire. So the ratepayers of that awakened county called for a complete and unconditional surrender, which has been made in great haste. If this example should be followed by the other County Councils in Wales which set the law at defiance, Sir William Anson's Bill for cutting off supplies will not be needed. We have heard a good deal about the danger of provoking civil war in Wales by enforcing a law repugnant to the sentiment of the people. The revised sentiment of Carmarthenshire reduces this to moonshine.



Photo. Kate Pragnell.
KIDNAPPED IN MOROCCO:
MR. ION PERDICARIS,
HELD TO RANSOM BY BRIGANDS.

One of the most impudent outrages that have been recorded for many years in Morocco was committed on the night of May 18, when the bandit chief, Raisuli, attacked the summer house of Mr. Perdicaris, an American citizen resident in Morocco, and carried off its owner, together with his stepson, Mr. Cromwell Varley, a British subject. The American Government took instant action, and ordered a war-ship to Tangier. Official representations were also made to the Moorish Government, enjoining them to pay the ransom demanded by the bandit. Mr. Perdicaris, who comes of a distinguished Greek family, has lived for more than thirty years in Tangier, where he has organised many reforms. It is to be hoped that his release will be speedy, for his health is very delicate.

MR. ROOSEVELT AND THE ANIMATED PHOTOGRAPH.

Only a few weeks ago, Mr. Roosevelt had a grievance against the public photographer who had "snapshotted" Miss Roosevelt in the act of making a bet on a racecourse. Once more the camera has offended the President. The proprietors of an animated photographic exhibition had prepared a bogus scene calculated to prejudice Mr. Roosevelt's candidature for a further term of office. Two actors representing Mr. Roosevelt and the eminent negro educationist, the Rev. Booker Washington, posed

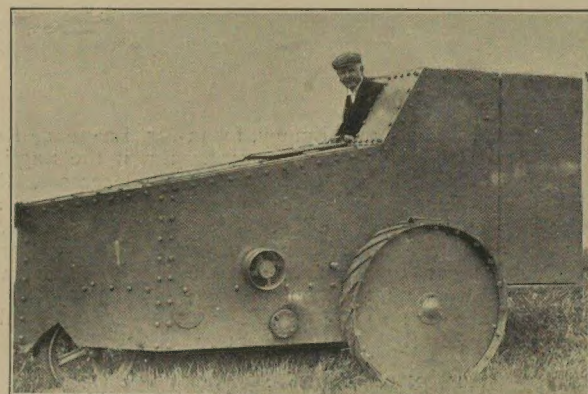


Photo. Topical Press.
A MERCIFUL MOTOR: THE IVAL BULLET-PROOF MOTOR
FOR FIELD-AMBULANCE WORK.

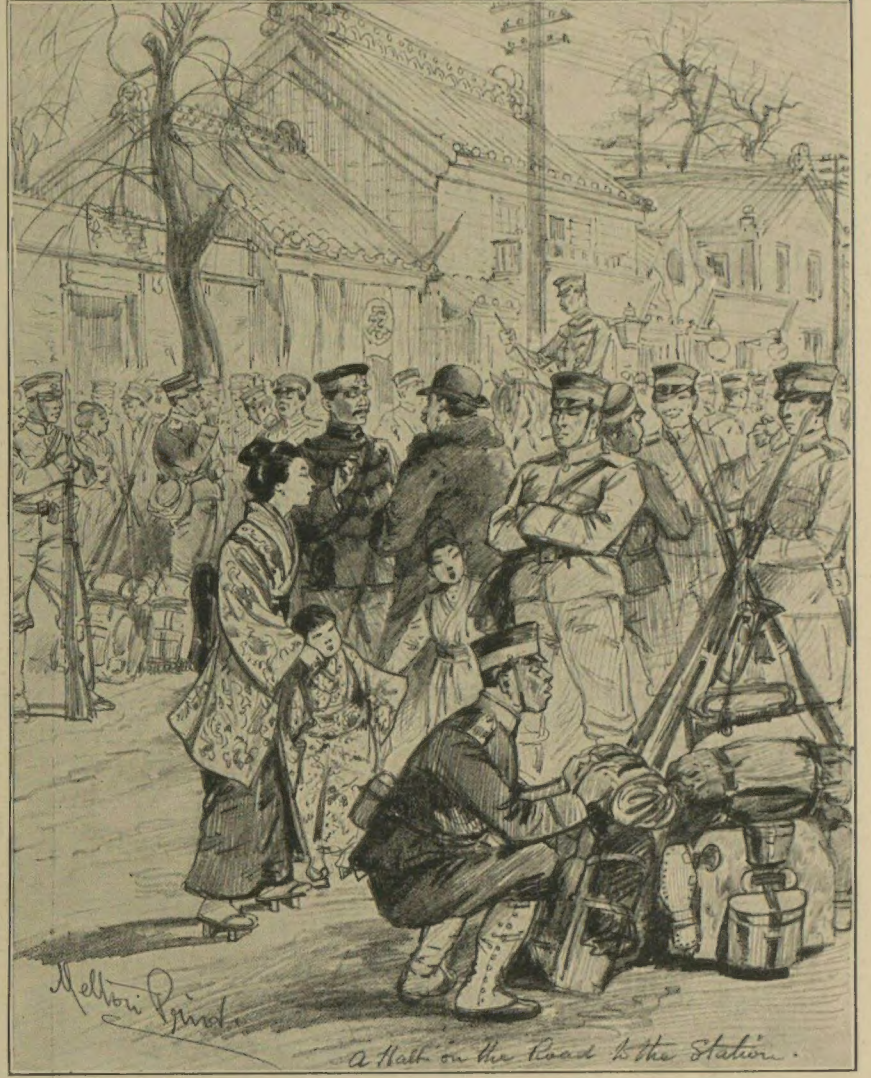
before the camera in front of the Capitol. The negro clergyman was represented as having fallen down incapable, whereupon the pseudo Mr. Roosevelt raised him from the steps and bore him off in his carriage. It was said that the pictures were to be shown in the Southern States, where the President's friendship with Mr. Washington has already given offence. The films were confiscated and destroyed.

THE "TIMES" FOR TWOPENCE.

It is announced by the *Times* that to regular subscribers its price henceforward will be twopence, and arrangements are to be made which will greatly facilitate the distribution of the paper. This is a notable event in journalism, for the *Times* is incomparably the finest newspaper in any language. A hundred things may be found in other journals which are not in the *Times*; but they are not the things that matter. It is the quality of news that counts among intelligent people, and makes the opinion which moves the world. The foreign news of the *Times* has never been equalled. Its Parliamentary and law reports are indispensable. When any person of eminence writes a letter to a newspaper, it is to the *Times* that he addresses it. Hence no one who wishes to know what is really going on in the world can afford to miss the *Times* for a single day. How assiduously its columns are studied by the makers of other papers they would be the first to admit. They profit by its enterprise, and the prospect of a great increase in its circulation is for them a matter of national pride.

WAR SCENES FROM OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS IN THE FAR EAST.

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR; DRAWINGS BY S. BEGG FROM SKETCHES BY FREDERIC VILLIERS.



A LAST FAREWELL: THE TOKIO DIVISION OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD (THE HEROES OF KIU-LIEN-CHENG) EN ROUTE FOR THE FRONT.

THE JAPANESE TROOPS LEAVING TOKIO: A HALT ON THE WAY TO THE STATION.

MR. MELTON PRIOR WRITES: "In my sketch of the Imperial Guard on its way to the station, the excited populace are lighting the troops on their way with lanterns. Troops were allowed to break ranks and chat with their wives and children. I have sketched a father saying good-bye to his child, perhaps for ever, as no Japanese soldier expects to return."

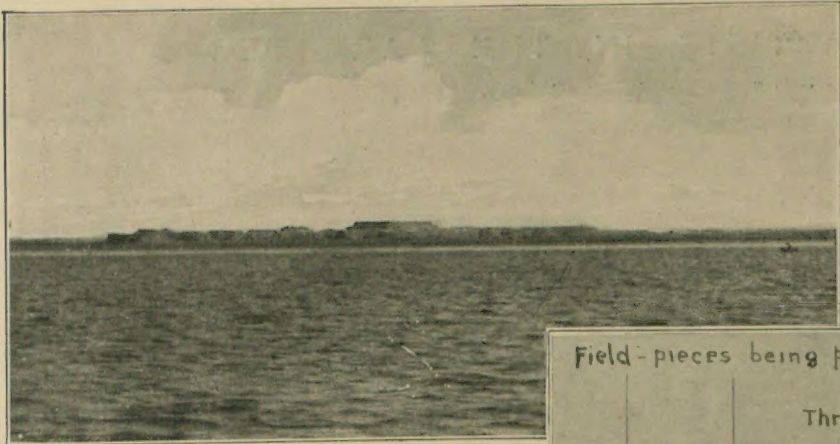


THE WAR-PICTURE ON THE JAPANESE PAPER LANTERN.

WAR-CORRESPONDENTS BUYING PONIES IN SHANGHAI.

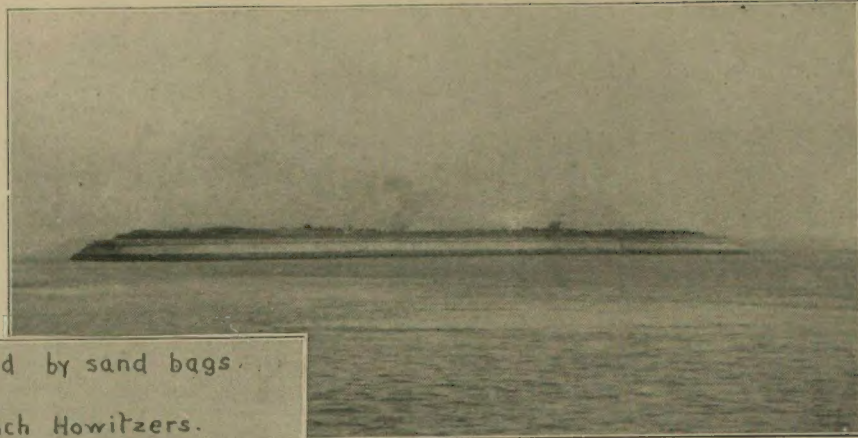
MR. VILLIERS HAS HERE SKETCHED AN INCIDENT OF THE JOURNEY OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD TO THE FRONT. AT ALL THE LARGER TOWNS THE PEOPLE GREETED THE TROOPS WITH ILLUMINATIONS, AND MANY OF THE PAPER LANTERNS BORE UP-TO-DATE WAR PICTURES.

THESE PONIES, WHICH COME FROM THE VICINITY OF TIENTSIN, ARE HARDLY LITTLE BEASTS QUITE ABLE TO STAND ROUGHING IT AT THE SEAT OF WAR, WHERE THE CONTOUR OF THE COUNTRY AND THE ROADS ARE TERRIBLY TRYING FOR ANIMALS ACCUSTOMED TO GOOD ROADS AND COMFORTABLE STABLES.—NOTE BY MR. VILLIERS.



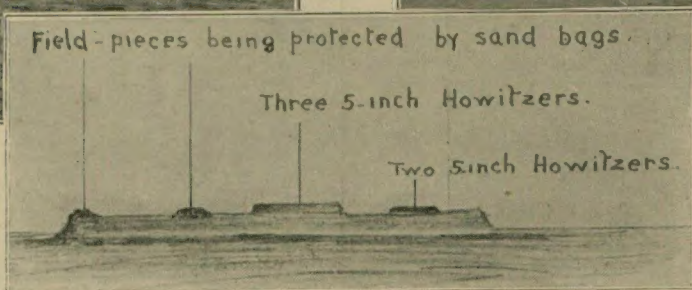
THE MAIN PROTECTION OF THE APPROACH TO NEWCHWANG.

THE fort at the mouth of the Liao River is the main protection of the approach to Newchwang. Since the outbreak of the war the Russians have exhibited a feverish activity in putting it into a state of repair. When inspected



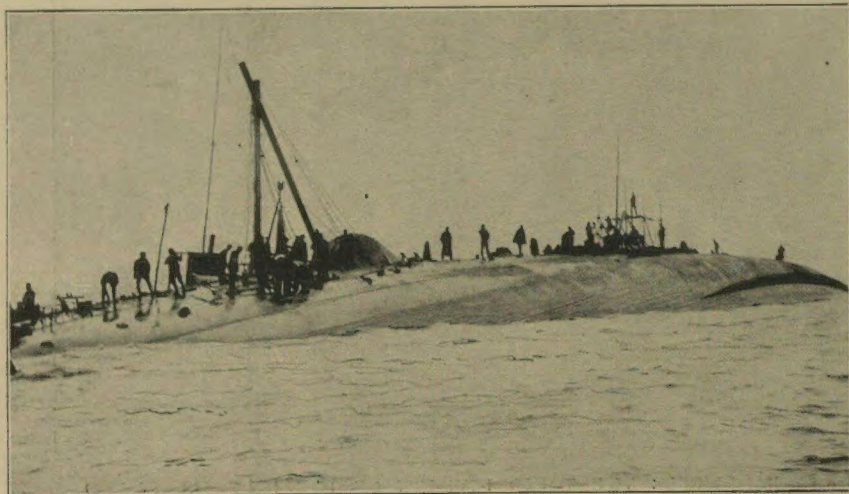
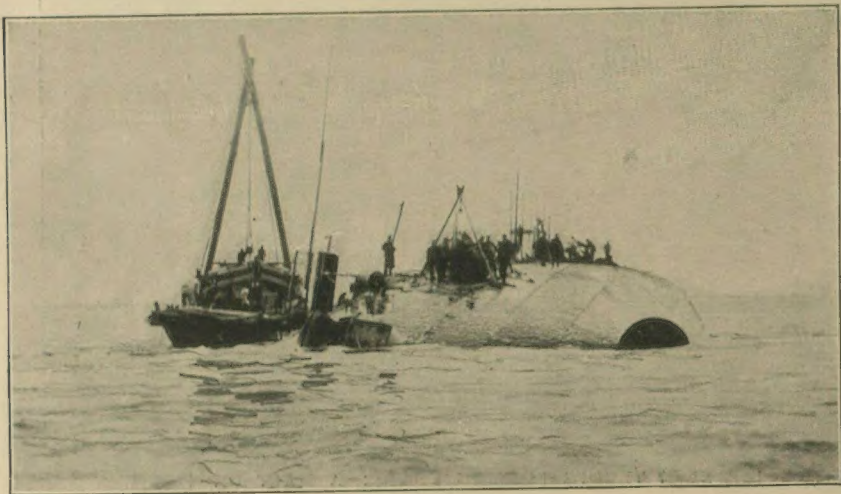
ONE OF THE NEW FORTS OFF YOKOHAMA: FIRING A SHELL.

by General Kuropatkin early in April it contained from nine to fifteen field-pieces (9 or 14-pounders), and five 5-inch howitzers. Battle-ships, at high water, can shell the fort from a distance of nine to ten miles.



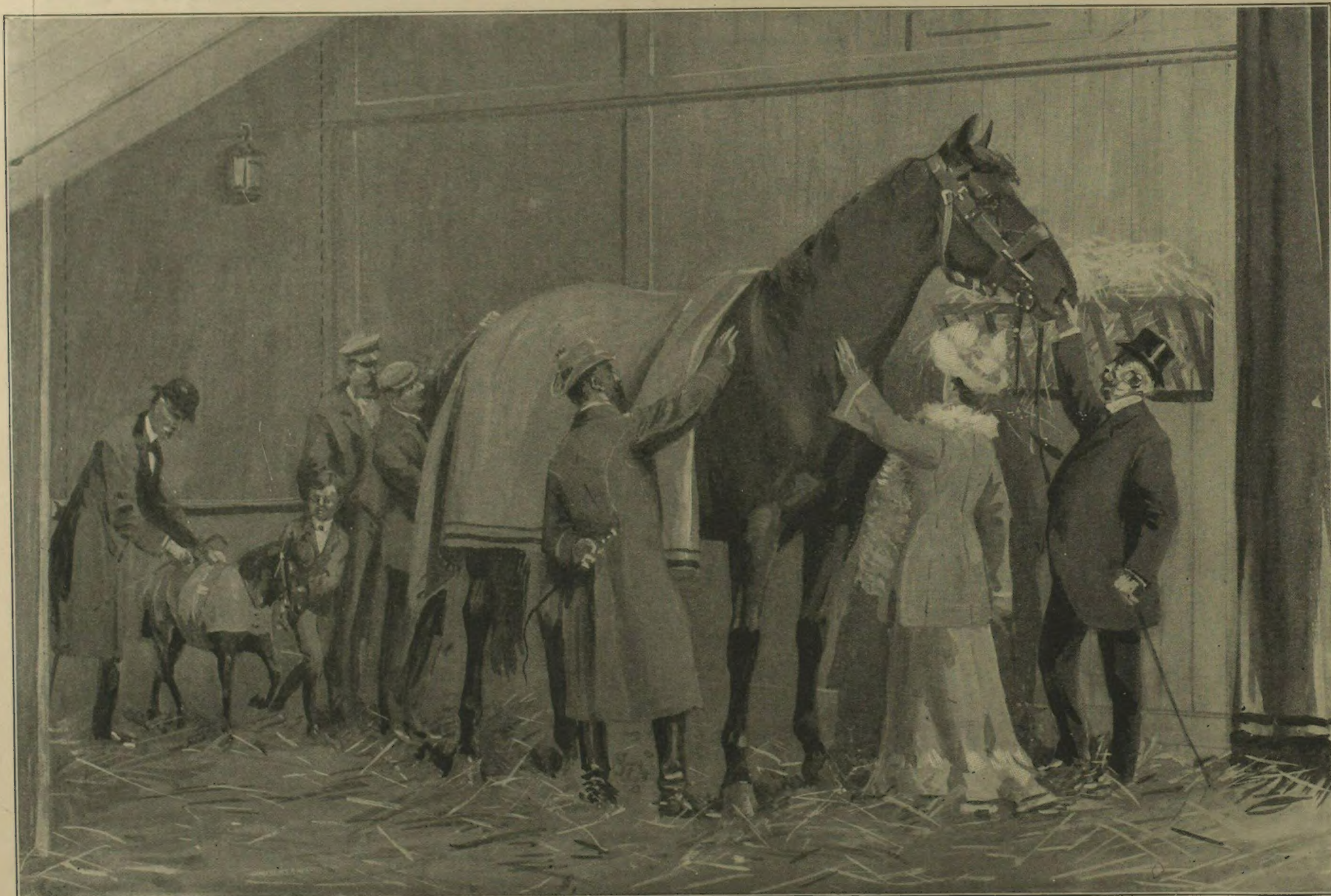
SKETCH SHOWING POSITIONS OF GUNS ON NEWCHWANG FORT.

RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE DEFENCES: FORTS OFF NEWCHWANG AND YOKOHAMA.



JAPANESE SALVAGE OPERATIONS ON THE "VARIAG": DISMANTLING THE SUNKEN CRUISER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. L. DUNN, CHEMULPO.



THE GIANT HORSE NOW ON EXHIBITION IN BERLIN.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG, BERLIN.

The giant horse, which was bred in America, measures 9 ft. 10 in. from the ground to the tips of the ears. Other measurements are: Length of back, 6 ft. 6 in.; head to tail, 11 ft. 9 in.; girth, 10 ft. 10 in.; girth of top of fore-legs, 3 ft.; girth of fore-hoof, 2 ft. 10 in.

GLASS-CUTTING, AND THE LARGEST EXAMPLE OF THIS ART IN THE WORLD.

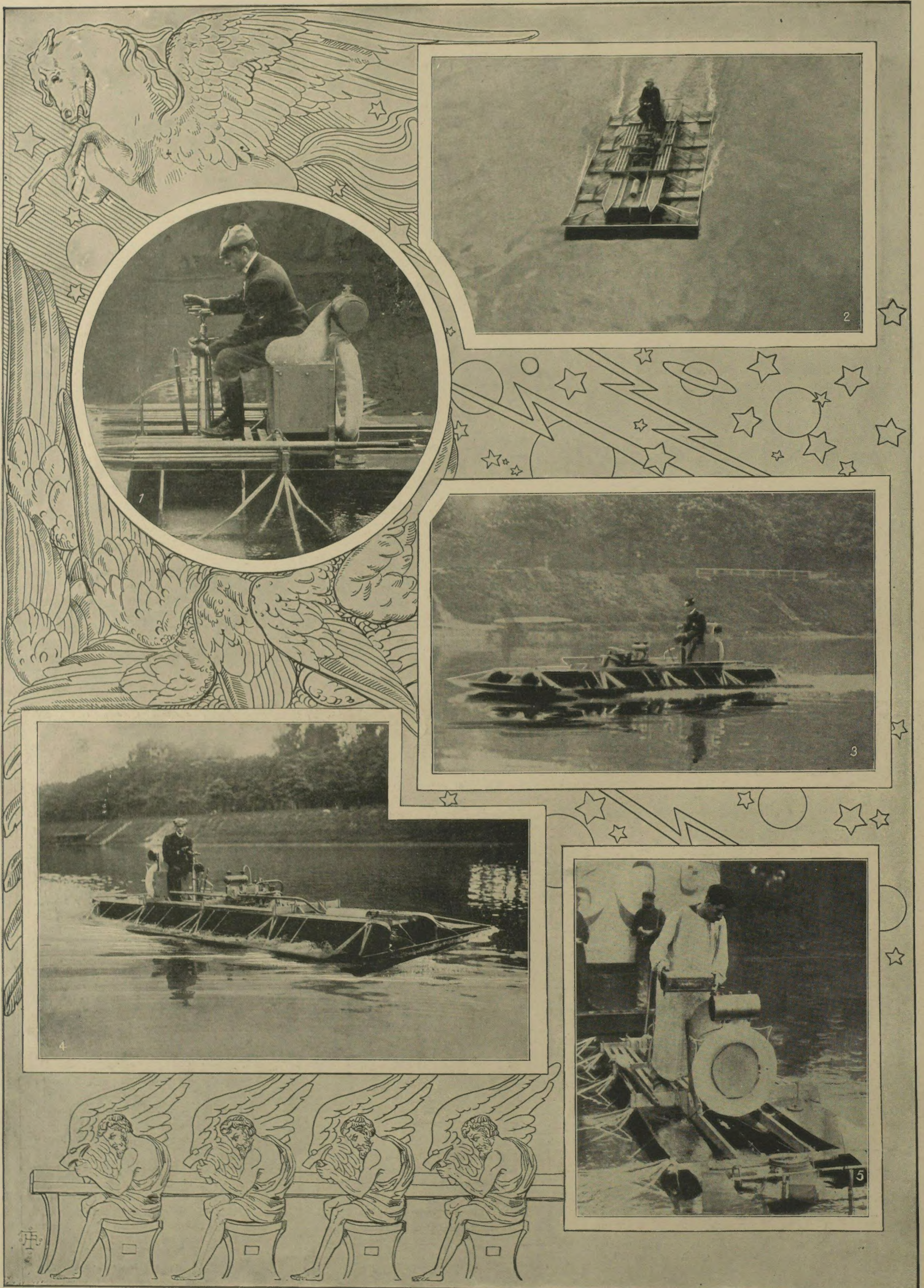
DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY THE COURTESY OF THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."



MAKING THE LARGEST PIECE OF CUT GLASS IN THE WORLD FOR THE ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION.

The cut-glass industry was introduced more than two hundred years ago by a Bohemian, who formed the idea of making very thick castings upon which a design could be engraved. America has brought the art to very great perfection, and our Illustrations represent the work carried on by the Libbey Glass Company, of Toledo, Ohio. The castings are cut in three stages: first with sand and a steel grinding-wheel, then with a stone cutting-wheel, and lastly with a wooden polishing-wheel to give the finish. The cutting-wheels, upon which fine, sharp, clean sand and water drip from cone-shaped buckets, revolve at a very high speed.

A REVOLUTION IN BOAT-PROPULSION: THE HYDROPLANE, OR GLIDING BOAT.



1. THE INVENTOR, THE COMTE DE LAMBERT, STEERING THE GLIDING BOAT.

2. THE HYDROPLANE IN THE WATER.

3. FULL SPEED: TWENTY MILES AN HOUR WITH A 14-HORSE POWER MOTOR.

4. THE GLIDING BOAT RAISED ABOVE THE SURFACE BY ITS PLANES.

5. THE HYDROPLANE AT REST.

By a series of planes, against which the water impinges as the machine proceeds, the boat is gradually lifted out of the water, until only the screw is submerged. It has thus very little resistance to overcome, and skims along the surface at a very high speed. It is raised on precisely the same principle as a kite rises when dragged against the wind by its string, the method being that which has been adopted in many attempted flying-machines. Owing to the small resistance, a 14-horse power produces a speed which, in an ordinary motor-boat, would require an engine of 30-horse power.

RAIN OF DOLLARS.

ILLUSTRATED BY

By "Q."

[R. CATON WOODVILLE.]

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

Dollars! Silver dollars!

He could not lift his gaze from them. If he did, they would surely vanish, and he awake from his dream. Yet in the very shock of awe, and starving though he was, the master-habit of his life, the secretive peasant cunning, had already begun to work. Never once relaxing his fixed stare, fearful even of blinking with his smoke-sore eyes, he shuffled sideways toward the window-hole, his hands groping the wall behind him. The wooden shutter and its fastening bar—a short oak pole—lay where he had dropped them, on the floor beneath the window. He crouched, feeling backwards for them; found, lifted them on to the inner ledge, and, with a half-turn of his body, thrust one arm deep into the recess and jammed the shutter into its place. To fix the bolt was less easy; it fitted across the back of the shutter, its ends resting in two sockets pierced in the wall of the recess. He could use but one hand; yet in less than a minute he found the first socket, slid an end of the bolt into it as far as it would go, lifted the other end and scraped with it along the opposite side of the recess until it dropped into the second socket. He was safe now—safe from prying eyes. In all this while—these two, perhaps three, minutes—his uppermost terror had been lest strange eyes were peering in through the window-hole: it had cost him anguish not to remove his own for an instant from the miracle to assure himself. But he had shut out this terror now: and the miracle had not vanished.

A few coins trickled yet. He crawled forward across the floor, crouching like a beast for a spring. But as he drew close his old legs began to shake

under him. He dropped on his knees and fell forward, plunging both hands into the bright pile.

Dollars! real silver dollars!

He lay on the flood of wealth, stretched like a swimmer, his fingers feebly moving among the coins which slid and poured over the back of his hands. He did not ask how the miracle had befallen. He was starving; dying in fact, though he did not know it; and lo! he had found a heaven beyond all imagination, and lay in it and panted, at rest. The firelight played on the heave and fall of his gaunt shoulder-blades, and on the glass eyes of the Virgin, whose head had rolled half-way across the floor and lay staring up foolishly at the rafters.

"Mother, open! Ah, open quickly, mother, for the love of God!"

Whose voice was that? Yes, yes—Mercedes' to be sure, his granddaughter's. She had gone to Nogales . . . long ago . . . Yet that was her voice. Had he come, then, to Paradise that her voice was pleading for him—pleading for the door to open?

"Mother—father! It is I, Mercedes! Open quickly—it is Mercedes, do you hear? I want my child—Sebastianillo—my child—quick!"

The voice broke into short agonised cries, into sobs. The door rattled.

At the sound of this last the old man raised himself on his knees. His eyes fell again on the shining dollars all around him. His throat worked.

Suddenly terror broke out in beads on his forehead. Someone was shaking the door! Thieves were there trying the door: they were come to rob him!

He drew himself up slowly. As he did so the

door ceased to rattle, and presently, somewhere near the windy edge of the ravine, a faint cry sounded.

But long after the door had ceased to rattle, old Gil Chaleco stared at it, fascinated. And long after the cry had died away it beat from side to side within the walls of his head, while he listened and life trickled from him, drop by drop.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night." But he was listening for it: it would come again. . . .

And it came—with a rough summons on the door, and, a moment later, with a thunderous blow. The old man stood up, knee-deep in dollars, lifting both arms to cover his head. As the door fell he seemed to bow himself toward it, toppled, and slid forward—still with his arms crooked—amid a rush of silver.

III.

Although crushed in the rear and broken inwards there, the hut showed its ordinary face to the path as Mercedes reached it in the failing daylight. She ran like a mad-woman, and with short, distraught cries, as she neared her home. Her eyes were wild as a hunted creature's, her coarse black hair streamed over her shoulders, her bare feet bled where the rocks and ice had cut them. But one thing she did not doubt—would not allow herself to doubt—that at home she would find her child. For two days she had been parted from him; and in those two days. . . . God had been good to her, very good: but she could not thank God yet—not until she clutched Sebastianillo in her arms, held his small, wriggling body, felt his feet kick against her breast. . . .

The great sty beside the cabin was empty, of course: and the cabin itself looked strange to her and desolate



"Unbar the door!" she commanded.

and unfriendly. For some hours the snow had ceased falling, and, save in a snowstorm or a gale, it was not the family custom to close door or window before dark: indeed, the window-hole usually stood open night and day the year round. Now both were closed. But warm firelight showed under the chink of the door; and on the door she bowed her head, to take breath, and beat with her hands while she called urgently—

"Mother! Quickly, mother—open to me for the love of God!"

No answer came from within.

"Mother! Father! Open to me—it is I, Mercedes!"

Then, after listening a moment, she began to beat again, frantically, for at length she was afraid

"Quick! Quick! Ah, do not be playing a trick on me: I want my child—Sebastianillo!"

Again and again she called and beat. No answer came from the hut or from the sombre twilight around her. She drew back, to fling her full weight against the door. And at this moment she heard, some way down the path, a man's footstep crunching the snow.

She never doubted that this must be her father returning up the mountain-side, perhaps after a search for her. What other man—now that her husband had gone soldiering—ever trod this path? She ran down to meet him.

The path, about forty yards below, rounded an angle of the sheer cliff, and at this angle she came to a terrified halt. The man, too, had halted a short gunshot away. He did not see her, but was staring upward at the cliff overhead; and he was not her father. For an instant there flashed across her brain an incredible surmise—that he was her husband, Sebastian: for he wore a soldier's overcoat and shako, and carried a musket and knapsack. But no: this man was taller than Sebastian by many inches; taller and thinner.

He was a soldier, then: and to Mercedes all soldiers were by this time incarnate devils—or all but one, and that one a plucky little British officer who had snatched her from his men just as she fell swooning into their clutches, and had dragged and thrust her through the convent doorway at Nogales and slammed the door upon her, and (though this she did not know) held the door-step, sword in hand, while the Fathers within shot the heavy bolts.

The British had gone, and after them—close after—came the French: and these broke down the convent door and ransacked the place. But the Fathers had hidden her and a score or so more of trembling women, nor would allow her to creep out and search for Sebastianillo in the streets through which swept, hour after hour, a flood of drunken, yelling devils. So now Mercedes, who had left home two days ago to watch an army pass, turned from this one soldier with a scream and ran back towards the cabin.

In her terror lest he should overtake and catch her by the closed door, she darted aside, clambered across the wall of the empty sty, and crouched behind it in the filth, clutching at her bodice: for within her bodice was a knife, which she had borrowed of the Fathers at Nogales.

The footsteps came up the path and went slowly past her hiding-place. Then they came to a halt before the hut. Still Mercedes crouched, not daring to lift her head.

Rat, rat-a-tat!

Well, let him knock. Her father was a strong man, and always kept a loaded gun on the shelf. If this soldier meant mischief, he would find his match: and she, too, could help.

She heard him call to the folks within once or twice in bad Spanish. Then his voice changed and seemed to threaten in a language she did not know.

Her hand was thrust within her bodice now, and gripped the handle of her knife; nevertheless, what followed took her by surprise, though ready for action. A terrific bang sounded on the timbers of the door. Involuntarily she raised her head above the wall's coping. The man had stepped back a pace into the path, and was swinging his musket up for another blow with the butt.

She stood up, white, with her jaw set. Her father could not be inside the hut, or he would have answered that blow on his door as a man should. But Sebastianillo might be within—nay, must be! She put her hands to the wall's coping and swung herself over and on to the path, again unseen, for the dusk hid her, and a dark background of cliff behind the sty: nor could the man hear, for he was raining blow after blow upon the door. At length, having shaken it loose from its hasp, he stepped back and made a run at it, using the butt of his musket for a ram, and finishing up the charge with the full weight of one shoulder. The door crashed open before him, and he reeled over it into the hut. A second later, Mercedes had sprung after him.

"Sebastianillo! You shall not harm him! You shall not—"

The door, falling a little short of the fire, had scattered some of the burning brands about the floor and fanned the rest into a blaze. In the light of it he faced round with a snarl, his teeth showing beneath his moustache. The light also showed—though Mercedes neither noted it nor could have read its signification—a corporal's chevron on his sleeve.

"Who the devil are you?" The snarl ended in a snap.

Mercedes stood swaying on the threshold, knife in hand.

"You shall not harm him!"

She spoke in her own tongue and he understood it, after a fashion; for he answered in broken Spanish, catching up her word—

"Harm? Who means any harm? When a man is perishing with hunger and folks will not open to him—"

He paused, wondering at her gaze. Travelling past him, it had fastened itself on the back wall of the hut, across the fire. "Hullo! What's the matter?" He swung round. "Good Lord!" said he, with a gulp.

He sprang past the fire and stooped over the old man's body, which lay face downward on the shelving heap of silver. It did not stir. By-and-by he took it by one of the rigid arms and turned it over, not roughly.

"Warm," said he: "warm, but dead as a herring! Come and see for yourself."

Mercedes did not move. Her eyes sought the dark corners of the cabin, fixed themselves for a moment on the shattered image of the Virgin, and met his across the firelight in desperate inquiry.

"What is this? What have you done?"

"Done? I tell you I never touched the man; never saw him before in my life. Who is he? Your father? No: grandfather, more like. Eh? Am I right?"

She bent her head, staring at the money.

"This? This is dollars, my girl: dollars enough to set a man up for life, with a coach and lads in livery, and dress you in diamonds from head to heel. Don't stand playing with that knife. I tell you I never touched the old man. What's more, I'm willing to be friendly and go shares." He stared at her with quick suspicion. "You're alone here, hey?"

She did not answer.

"But answer me," he insisted, "do you live alone with him?" And he pointed to the body at his feet.

"There was my mother," said Mercedes slowly, in her turn pointing to the third bed of straw by the fire. "We journeyed over to Nogales, she and I. Your soldiers came and took away our pigs, giving us pieces of paper for them. They said that if we took these to Nogales someone would pay us: so we started, leaving *him*. And at Nogales your men were rough and parted us, and I have not seen her since."

The Corporal eyed her with the beginnings of a leer. She faced him with steady eyes. "Well, well," said he, after a pause, "I mean no harm to you, anyway. Lord! but you're in luck. Here you reach home and find a fortune at your door—a sort of fortune a man can dig into with a spade; while a poor devil like me—" He paused again and stood considering.

"You knew about this?" She nodded towards the dollars. "You knew how it came here, and you came after it?"

"I did and I didn't. I knew 'twas somewhere hereabouts; but strike me, if a man could dream of finding it like this!"

"Yet you came to this door and beat it open!"

"You've wits, my girl," said the Corporal admiringly; "but they are on the wrong tack. I mean no harm; and the best proof is that here I'm standing with a loaded musket and not offering to hurt you. As it happens, I came to the door asking a bite of bread. I'm cruel hungry."

Mercedes pulled a crust of millet-bread from her pocket. The Fathers at the convent had given it to her at parting, but she had forgotten to eat. She stepped forward; the Corporal stretched out a hand.

"No," said she, and, avoiding him, laid the crust on the block-table. He caught it up and gnawed it ravenously. "I think there is no other food in the house."

"You don't get rid of me like that." He ran a hand along the shelves, searching them. "Hullo! a gun?" He took it down and examined it beside the fire, while Mercedes' heart sank. She had hoped to possess herself of it, snatching it from the shelf when he should be off his guard. "Loaded, too!" He laid it gently on the block and eyed her, munching his crust.

"You'd best put down that knife and talk friendly," said he at length. "What's the use?—you a woman, and me with two guns, both loaded? It's silliness; you must see for yourself it is. Now look here: I've a notion—a splendid notion. Come sit down alongside of me, and talk it over. I promise you there's no harm meant."

But she had backed to her former position in the doorway and would not budge.

"It's treating me suspicious, you are," he grumbled: "hard and suspicious."

"Cannot you take the money and go?" she begged, breathing hard, speaking scarcely above a whisper.

"No, I can't: it stands to reason I can't. What can I do in a country like this with dollars it took two carts to drag here—two carts with six yoke of bullocks apiece? And that's where my cruel luck comes in. All I can take, as things are, is just so much as this knapsack will carry: and even for this I've run some risks."

The man—it was the effect of hunger, perhaps, and exposure and drunkenness on past marches—had an ugly, wolfish face; but his eyes, though cunning, were not altogether evil, not quite formidably evil. She divined that, though lust for the money was driving him, some weakness lay behind it.

"You are a deserter," she said.

"We'll pass that." He seated himself, flinging a leg over the block and laying the two guns side by side on his knees. "I can win back, maybe. As things go, between stragglers and deserters it's hard to choose in these times, and I'll get the benefit of the doubt. I've taken some risks," he repeated, glancing from the guns on his knees to the pile of silver and back: "pretty bad risks, and only to fill my knapsack. But now it strikes me—Can't you come closer?"

But she held her ground and waited.

"It strikes me, why couldn't we collar the whole of this, we two? We're alone: no one knows; I've but to lift one of these"—he tapped the guns—"and where would you be? But I don't do it. I don't want to do it. You hear me?"

"You don't do it," said Mercedes slowly, "because without me you can't get away with more than a handful of this money. And you want the whole of it."

"You're a clever girl. Yes, I want the whole of it—who wouldn't? And you can help. Can't you see how?"

"No."

He sat swinging his legs. "Well, that's where my notion comes in. I wish you'd drop that knife and be friendly: it's a fortune I'm offering you. Now my notion is that we two ought to marry." He stood up.

Mercedes lifted the knife with its point turned inward against her breast. "If you take another step—" she threatened.

"Oh, but look here: look at it every way. I like you. You're a fine build of a woman, with plenty of spirit—the very woman to help a man. We should get along famously. One country's as good as another to me: I'm tired of soldiering, and there's no woman at home, s' help me!" He was speaking rapidly now, not waiting to cast about for words in Spanish, but falling back on English whenever he found himself at a loss. "I dare say you can fit me out with a suit of clothes." His glance ran round the hut and rested on the body of the old man.

Mercedes had understood scarce half of his words: but she divined the meaning of that look and shuddered.

"No, no; you cannot do that!"

"Hark!" said he raising his head and listening. "What's that noise?"

"The wolves. We hear them every night in winter."

"A nice sort of place for a woman to live alone in! See here, my dear; it's sense I'm talking. Better fix it up with me and say 'yes.'"

She appeared to be considering this. "One thing you must promise."

"Well?"

"You won't touch him"—she nodded towards her grandfather's corpse. "You won't touch him to—"

"Is it strip him you mean? Very well, then, I won't."

"You will help me to bury him? He cannot lie here. I can give you no answer while he lies here."

"Right you are, again. Only, no tricks, mind!"

He stowed the guns under his left arm and gripped the collar of the old man. Mercedes took the feet; and together they bore him out—a light burden enough. Outside the hut a pale radiance lay over all the snow, forerunner of the moon now rising over the crags across the ravine.

"Where?" grunted the Corporal.

Mercedes guided him. A little way down the path, beyond the wall of the sty, they came to a recess in the base of the cliff where the wind's eddies had piled a smooth mound of snow. Here, under a jutting rock, they laid the body.

"Cover him as best you can," the Corporal ordered. "My hands are full."

He stood, clasping his guns, and watched Mercedes while she knelt and shovelled the snow with both hands. Yet always her eyes were alert and she kept her knife ready. From their mound they looked down upon the ravine in front and over the wall of the sty towards the cabin. Behind them rose the black cliff.

"Hark to the wolves!" said the Corporal, listening: and at that moment something thudded down from the cliff, striking the snow a few yards from him; rolled heavily down the slope and came to a standstill against the wall of the sty, where it lay bedded.

The round moon had risen over the ravine, and was flooding the mound with light. The Corporal stared at Mercedes: for the moment he could think of nothing but that a large, loose stone had dropped from the cliff. He ran to the thing and turned it over.

It was a knapsack.

He did not at once understand, but stepped back a few paces and gazed up at the crags mounting tier by tier into the vague moonlight. And while he gazed a lighter object struck the wall overhead, glanced from it, went spinning by him, and disappeared over the edge of the ravine. As it passed he recognised it—a soldier's shako.

Then he understood. Someone had found the spot on the road above where the treasure had been upset, and these things were being dropped to guide his search. The Corporal ran to Mercedes and would have clutched her by the wrist. The knife flashed in her hand as she evaded him.

"Quick, my girl—back with you, quick! They're after the money, I tell you!"

He caught up the knapsack. They ran back together and flung themselves into the cabin. The Corporal bolted the door.

"King's Own," he announced, having dragged the knapsack to the firelight. "If there's only one, we'll do for him."

He stepped to the window-hole, pulled open the shutter, laid the two guns on the ledge, and waited, straining his ears.

"Got such a thing as a shovel or a mattock?" he asked after a while. "I reckon you could make shift to cover up the dollars: there's a deal of loose earth come down with them."

It took her some time to guess what he wanted, for he spoke in a hoarse whisper. He listened again for a while, then pointed to the treasure.

"Cover it up. If there's more than one, we'll have trouble."

She produced a mattock from a corner of the cabin and began, through the broken wall, to rake down mud and earth and cover the coins. For an hour and more she worked, the Corporal still keeping watch. Once or twice he growled at her to make less noise.

He did not stand the suspense well, but after the first hour grew visibly uneasy.

"I've a mind to give this over," he grumbled, and fell to unstrapping his knapsack. "Here!"—he tossed it to her—"pack it, full as you can. Half a loaf may turn out better than no bread."

She laid the knapsack open on the floor and set to work, cramming it with dollars.

"Talking of bread," he went on by-and-by, "that's going to be a question. My stomach's feeling at this moment like as if it had two rows of teeth inside."

"Hist!" Mercedes rose, finger to lip. He turned again to the window-hole and peered out, gun in hand, his shoulder blocking the recess.

A man's footsteps were coming up the path—coming cautiously. Their crunch upon the snow was just audible, and no more. Mercedes stole towards the window and crept close behind the Corporal's back; stood there, holding her breath.

The man on the path halted for a moment, and came on again, still cautiously. . . . There was a jet of flame, a roar; and the Corporal, after the kick of his musket, strained himself forward on the window-ledge to see if his shot had told.

"Settled him!" he announced, drawing back and turning to face her with a triumphant grin.

But Mercedes confronted him with her father's fowling-piece in hand. She had slipped it off the window-ledge from under his elbow as he leaned forward.

"Unbar the door!" she commanded.

"Look here, no nonsense!"

"Unbar the door!" She believed him to be a coward, and he was.

"You just wait a bit, my lady!" he threatened, but drew the bolt, nevertheless; when he turned, the muzzle of the fowling-piece still covered him.

She nodded toward the knapsack. "Pick up that, if you will. . . . Now turn your back your back to me, if you please—and go."

He hesitated, rebellious: but there was no help for it.

"Go!" she repeated. And he went.

Above the cabin the path ended almost at once in a *cul de sac*—a wall of frowning cliff. There was no way for him, whether he wished to descend or climb

shoulder, a two-year-old child: and, because the sun shone and the crisp air put a spirit of life into all things untroubled by thought, the child crowed and tugged gleefully at his father's *berret*. But his father paid no heed, and strode forward at a pace which forced the priest (who was stout) now and again into a run.

"She will not be there," he kept repeating, steeling himself against the worst. "She cannot be there. When she missed her child . . ."

"She is waiting on her grandfather, belike," urged the priest. "They left him with one day's food: so she told the Brothers. And they, like fools, let her go with just sufficient for her own needs. Yet I ought not to blame

them for losing their heads in so small a matter. They saved many women."

He told again how he—the parish priest of Nogales—had found Gil the Younger and his wife dead and drunken, with their heads in a gutter and the child wailing in the mud beside them. "She had given her mother the child to guard but a minute before she fell in with the soldiers. A young officer saved her, the Brothers said."

"She will have sought her child first," persisted Sebastian; and rounding the corner of the cliff, they came in sight of the hut and of her whom they sought.

She sat in the path before it, still with the fowling-piece across her knees. But to reach her they had to pass the body of a soldier lying with clenched hands in a crimson patch of snow. The child, who had passed by many horrors on the road, and all with gay unconcern, stretched out his arms across this one, recognising his mother at once, and kicking in his father's clasp.

She raised her eyes dully. She was too weak even to move. "I knew you would come," she said in a whisper; and with that her eyes shifted and settled on the body in the path.

"Take him away! I—I did not kill him."

Her husband set down the child. "Run indoors, little one: you shall kiss mamma presently."

He bent over her, and, unstringing a small wine-skin from his belt, held the mouth of it to her lips. The priest

stooped over the dead man, on whose collar the figures "28" twinkled in the sunlight. The child, for a moment rebellious, toddled towards the doorway of the hut.

Mercedes' eyelids had closed: but some of the wine found its way down her throat, and as it revived her, they flickered again.

"Sebastian," she whispered.

"Be at rest, dear wife. It is I, Sebastian."

"I did not kill him."

"I hear. You did not kill him."

"The child?"

"He is safe—safe and sound," he assured her, and called, "Sebastianillo!"

For a moment there was no answer: but as he lifted Mercedes and carried her into the hut, on its threshold the boy met them, his both hands dropping silver dollars.

THE END.



She sat in the path before it, still with the fowling-piece across her knees.

JINGALS IN ACTION: THE CURIOUS GIANT MUSKETS OF TIBET.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOLKOEK.



TIBETANS IN A MOUNTAIN FORT FIRING JINGALS ON A DISTANT CAMP.

The jingals here shown are of two kinds, breech and muzzle loading. The breech-loader shown in the foreground is in shape and finish not unlike the huge dyke-guns used by the Highlanders at Culloden. The other two are iron-hooped muzzle-loaders, made probably in imitation of bamboo. The stand of the breech-loader is fitted with prongs stuck into the ground to resist recoil. The nearest gunner is in the act of inserting the breech-piece, which contains the charge. The ball is placed in the barrel just beyond the breech. Behind the handle of the breech-piece is the vent where the match is applied. The rear of the breech-piece is kept in position by the iron wedge (shown hanging by a short chain) inserted into the horizontal slit on the side of the gun. Rough foresights and backsights occur in some of the weapons. Jingals are about eight feet long and the balls weigh from one pound to three-and-a-half pounds.

THE TENSION IN TIBET: WITH THE HARD-PRESSED BRITISH MISSION.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



A BRITISH POLITICAL OFFICER ELICITING INFORMATION FROM THE NATIVES.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

JELLY-FISH HISTORY.

One day lately, tempted out of its development by a passing warmth, appeared the first jelly-fish of the season. In early May, when the weather has been genial, swarms may be seen in our coast waters, but the present season has retarded growth of all things alike, and jelly-fish appearance has accordingly been delayed. I have a remembrance of a saying of Lord Avebury's, who remarked that we need not go far afield to find objects worth our study. One might point to the roadside weed, an egg, and a jelly-fish, all very common things, by way of illustrating the remark. Huxley said something equally wise when he alleged that if the carpenter knew the true history of the bit of chalk he carries in his pocket, he might arrive at a truer conception of the physical world and its making than through the perusal of many tomes.

Everybody knows the jelly-fishes. There are many species of them, and some differ widely from others in respect of their family relationships. But the common jelly-fish of our coasts—the *Aurelia aurata*, to give it its somewhat aristocratic name—is assuredly one of the most common objects of the shore—the summer tripper always excepted. The most favourable way to see it is from a boat, as it pumps its way through the yielding waters in its own deliberate and graceful fashion. Its body, or “umbrella,” as naturalists call it appropriately enough, is about three or four inches in diameter; while as you look down upon it you can see through the transparent mass four purple bodies of horseshoe shape. These last are the organs which produce the eggs, or reproductive elements, whence a new generation of Aurelias is developed.

Our jelly-fish body is extremely soft. Man may be a watery animal, seeing that the chemist tells us we consist by weight of about two-thirds of that fluid; but the aurelia and its neighbours exceed us far in respect of their liquid composition. I suppose about ninety per cent. of the jelly-fish is water; the rest being practically its living material. One can sympathise with the farmer who, under a mistaken notion of the value of jelly-fishes as manure, brought them in cartloads to his fields. He might as well have sprinkled his land with sea-water. But notwithstanding this liquidity of body, our Aurelia contrives to exhibit a highly interesting personality and a still more instructive family history. The umbrella is broken at its rim by eight notches, and in each little recess lies a pair of sense-organs we call “lappets.” These last are probably rudimentary ears, with eyes associated.

The margin of the bell or umbrella you can see to possess a fringe of delicate feelers or tentacles, which no doubt exercise the sense of touch. In the centre below is the mouth, which is borne on a short stalk; and around the mouth are four arms, which, well provided with stinging cells, are useful for the benumbing and consequent capture of the small fry on which Aurelia sustains itself. The mouth leads into a stomach, somewhat capacious for the size of our jelly-fish, with radiating pouches branching off from it. These pouches in turn give origin to certain canals, which, like the ribs of an umbrella, radiate from the centre to the circumference of the body, and unite in a circular vessel that runs round the edge or rim of the jelly-fish.

No doubt all these arrangements represent what in higher animals we should call a circulatory system; in other words, they serve to diffuse throughout the body of aurelia the products of digestion, and thus carry on the process of nutrition. There is also present a rudimentary nervous system, serving for the governance of the body and the regulation of its movements. These, you observe, largely consist in contractions of the body, whereby water, which is received when the bell expands, is ejected, the jelly-fish thus being propelled by the reaction of its jets on the surrounding water. All these things you may see on your first visit to the seaside if you care to make the acquaintance of this interesting invertebrate, to which a politician once compared an adversary who was of somewhat wobbling opinions. The simile may not have been polite, but the figure was telling enough.

From each egg of the Aurelia there is developed a little body called a “planula.” This is a somewhat oval body, which swims freely in the sea. Next, this planula quits its roving life and roots itself to some rock or stone. At the free end of its body a mouth surrounded by tentacles appears, and in this guise it closely resembles that little creature of the ponds known as the hydra. Like the hydra, our young jelly-fish may bud forth other beings like unto itself; but, sooner or later, we see its body becoming divided crosswise into segments. The edges of the segments become cut into eight divisions, or lobes. If you could see the youthful Aurelia now, it would remind you of a pile of saucers with notched edges set one within the other. The saucer-pile soon dissolves, and each saucer appears before us swimming in the sea as a jelly-fish in miniature. It only requires a simple process of growth to transform each into an Aurelia like unto that which represented the parent form.

If there be any truth in the notion that such a history is a kind of moving panorama of the evolution of our jelly-fish we may possibly trace back its kith and kin to an ancient stock represented by the hydra-like form. The process of saucer-like division which gives origin to the jelly-fishes is only a modified process of budding, and there are sundry neighbours of our jelly-fish which grow like plants, and give off jelly-fish buds as egg-producing organs. So that it is safe to say the whole tribe of these animals has had some old hydra form for their ancestors. Next time you see the Aurelia, perchance you will think that there may be more in jelly-fish history than is dreamt of in ordinary philosophy.—ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C BURNETT.—Problem to hand. If no flaw is disclosed on examination, it shall appear. The dual continuation you point out is non-important.
G WOOD.—You have apparently addressed your complaint to the wrong column. We publish no such problem as you mention.
L BAKER.—The study of problems is undoubtedly useful to your play. Your solutions are quite correct.
FAKIR CHANDRA DUTT (Calcutta).—We will examine your problems with pleasure.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3123 and 3124 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3128 from Handel Smith (Colombo) and Fakir Chandra Dutt (Calcutta); of No. 3129 from Robert H Hixon (New York City); of No. 3130 from George Devey Farmer, M.D. (Ancester, Ontario); D B R (Oban), and C Field Junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3131 from J D Tucker (Ilkley), Mrs. Mundy (Cornwall), and T W W (Bootham); of No. 3132 from Charles H Allen, A J Allen (Hampstead), F Glanville (Tunell Park), James M Lennon (Larne), Sergeant-Major (West Hartlepool), T W W (Bootham), D B R (Oban), Thomas Wetherall (Manchester), R F H Edwards (Sydenham), Alpha, A G (Pancsova), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), T Smith (Brighton), and J D Tucker.

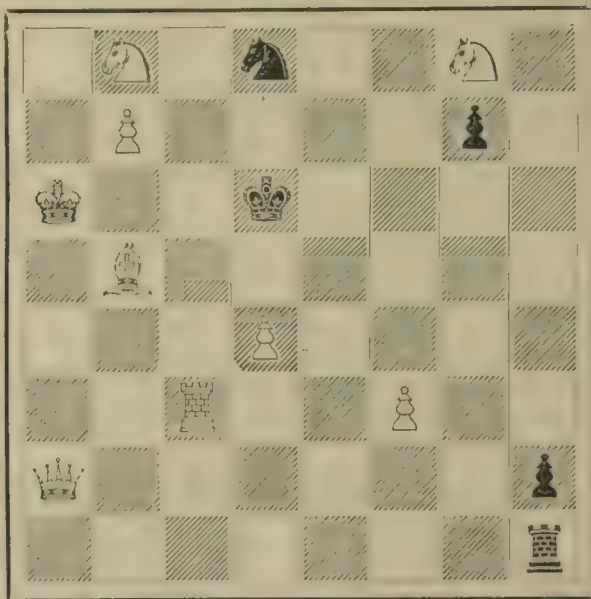
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3133 received from Geo. Fisher (Belfast), E Fear Hill (Trowbridge), Martin F. Valentin Oppermann (Marselles), Reginald Gordon, T Roberts, F Glanville (Tunell Park), Charles Burnett, J D Tucker (Ilkley), R F H Edwards (Sydenham), Sorrento, T W W (Bootham), L Baker, R Worters (Canterbury), J W (Campsie), F Henderson (Leeds), Fire Plug, H S Brandreth (Lac de Como), Alpha, F J S (Hampstead), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), A T Atkinson (Birmingham), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F Ede (Canterbury), and Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3132.—By A. G. BRADLEY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 7th Any move
2. Q, Kt, or R mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 3133 By PERCY HEATLEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the International Tournament at Cambridge Springs, between Messrs. MARSHALL and PILLSBURY.
(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 3rd	11. Castles	P to K R 3rd
2. P to K 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	12. B to B 6th	B takes B
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	13. P takes B	Kt to B 4th
4. P to B 4th	B to Kt 2nd	14. Q to K 2nd	Q takes P
5. P to K 5th	P takes P	This does not seem a wise capture, in view of what can scarcely be called White's "masked" batteries. The attack now becomes overwhelming.	
6. B P takes P	Kt to Q 4th	15. P to Kt 4th	Kt to Q 3rd
7. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	16. Kt to K 5th	Q to K 2nd
8. B to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	17. B to Q 3rd	Castles
9. B to K Kt 5th	Kt takes Kt	18. R to B 2nd	K to Kt 2nd
Black must in any case submit to a difficult defence, and K Kt to K 2nd would lead to a cramped game, but it could scarcely be so bad as what follows from the text move.		19. Q R to K B sq	B to Q 2nd
10. P takes Kt	Kt to K 2nd	20. R to B 6th	R to K Kt sq
		21. Kt takes Kt P	Q takes R
		22. R takes Q	K takes R
		23. Q to K 5th, mate.	

Another game played in the same Tournament, between Messrs. FOX and LASKER.
(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. R to K 3rd	Q to Q 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. Q to R 5th	R to K 2nd
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	23. R takes R	Q takes R
4. B takes Kt	Kt P takes B	24. B to Q 2nd	R takes P
It will be seen subsequently how the capture by the Knight's Pawn served in the final stages of the game. It gave Black an open file for his Rook, when the smallest advantage sufficed to turn the scale.		25. R to K sq	B to K 4th
5. P to Q 4th	P takes P	26. B takes Kt P	Q to B sq
6. Q takes P	P to Q 3rd	27. B to R 4th	Q to K 2nd
7. Castles	Kt to K 2nd	28. Q takes Q (ch)	K takes Q
8. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd	29. R to K 3rd	R to Q B 7th
9. R to K sq	P to B 3rd	30. B to Q 8th	B takes P
10. Kt to K 2nd	B to K 3rd	31. R to K 7th (ch)	K to B sq
The defence is a model of skillful and patient play against an attack that requires the closest watching.		32. R takes B (ch)	B to K 4th
11. Kt to Kt 3rd	P to Q B 4th	33. P to Kt 5th	
12. Q to B 3rd	B to K 2nd	A mistake which, however, could scarcely affect the issue. The Bishop is now lost.	
13. Kt to B 5th	Castles	34. B to K 7th	K to K sq
14. Kt to Kt 5th		35. R takes P	P to Q 4th
If P takes Kt, Q mates.		36. R to K 5th	K takes B
15. P takes B	B takes Kt	37. K to Kt 2nd	K to K 3rd
16. P takes Kt	P takes P	38. R takes P (ch)	K to B 4th
Few players at this point would not prefer White's chances. The command of the open Queen's Knight's file, however, compensates Black for his doubled and tripled Pawns.		39. P to K R 4th	B to Q 5th
17. Q to Q 3rd	R to B 4th	40. R to B 8th	K to Kt 5th
18. P to K Kt 4th	R to B 2nd	Black leaves nothing to chance, and soon makes further struggle useless. In the young American master he has met an opponent worthy of his steel.	
19. Q takes Kt P	B to B 3rd	41. R to K B 8th	R takes Q R P
20. P to Q B 3rd	R to Q Kt sq	42. R to B 7th	R takes P (ch)
The decisive move of the contest. It at once throws White on the defensive, and		43. R takes R	B takes R
		44. K takes B	K takes P
		45. K to K 3rd	K takes P

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THE ROYAL ACADEMY: FINAL NOTICE.

(SEE SUPPLEMENT.)

Mr. Swan, A.R.A., does not compensate by his "Young Bathers" for the absence of any animal-picture from the walls of Burlington House. The little picture has, of course, its own interest and brilliance. It is rich and effective, and, without the attraction of Mr. Swan's name, it would win a word of passing commendation. But to this scarcely less than to the drab portraits of a previous season do we grudge the brush of an artist who not only paints animals better than he paints anything else, but is, besides, the only animal-painter of his class that we possess. He has solved the difficult problem of reconciling beauty and the beast. This is just what we cannot say of Mr. Arthur Wardle's "Fate," the picture of a wild animal's pounce upon a bird. There is action and there is draughtsmanship. There is accuracy of detail—an attempt at that inventory of her charms which, as we know on high authority, Nature does not permit. But this sultry and garish colour yields the eye no passage of relief. There is no calm—even in the death stillness of a creature so lately on the wing. The episode has yielded an able illustration, but something less than a work of fine art; and the purchase of it by the Chantrey Trustees shows once more their failure to appreciate that demand for æsthetic beauty in a picture which is among the happier signs of the times.

Mr. Alfred East paints with a certain enthusiasm of subject, welcome indeed where so many pictures of the year are but monotonous replicas of works of past seasons; but in his treatment the enthusiasm is apt to cool, and we get a rather tame result. He has visited the stretch of country lying between Calais and Amiens—the land of pools and of poplar trees—fascinating subjects, both of them, for a painter of Mr. East's delicate eye and palette. Mr. Val Prinsep has been painting in Venice, a city which has put many a modern English artist on his best painting behaviour, from the days of Sir Joshua Reynolds to those of Mr. Luke Fildes. Mr. Joseph Farquharson, A.R.A., repeats the effects of past popular successes, and is apt to be confounded with Mr. David Farquharson, his senior by many years, but his junior in rank, who sends from Cornwall the large canvas labelled "Full Moon and Spring Tide." It may not be easy for the casual spectator to verify such a picture, with a view to deciding how far an artist has faced or has evaded the difficulties it presented; but of the impressive beauty of the general effect achieved there is no question. It is an eloquent picture if it is not an intimate one; and if not vital, it is at least romantic. This is not faint praise, for eloquence in any department of life is rare; and for the great majority of canvases exhibited there is no agreeable alternative—they are devoid at once of reality and of romance.

Among the smaller pictures of "the Postage-Stamp Room," we have the surprise of delightful little landscapes by an artist known chiefly as a portrait-painter, Mr. James Sant, R.A. It must now be some years, we think, since he exhibited any work similar to "On the Moors, Kilbryde, Scotland," or to "Hurley-on-Thames"; and most welcome is he in this byway of his art. He has subtle browns, such as the early British landscape-painters knew, and he has a simplicity of handling well in keeping with the scenes he depicts. Nothing meretricious is here—no undue stress, no flattery, no deformation. If some other portrait-painters had in their portfolios similar surprises, we should be able to write their names with pleasure, where now we pass them by with an awkward and regretted lack of greeting. Mr. R. W. Macbeth, by the way, has in this room the little picture that is to represent him in the adjoining Diploma Exhibition—"The Lass that a Sailor Loves."

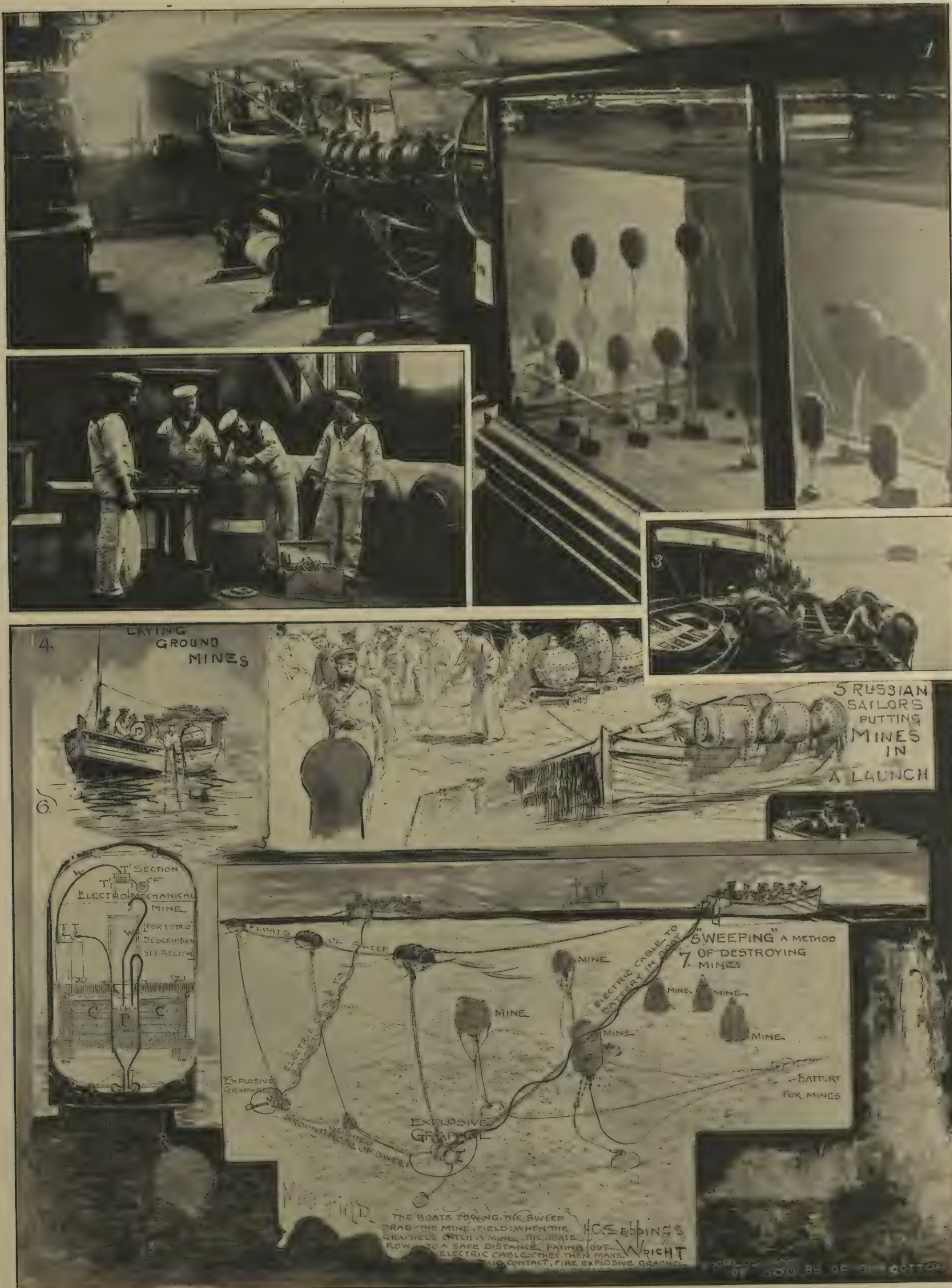
In the Sculpture Room the presentations of members of the royal family by Signor Pietro Canonica must attract attention by the rare beauty of some of the details, and by perhaps a less agreeable though arresting motive given to the faces. Nothing more beautiful has lately been done in marble than the arms and hands of Queen Alexandra; but in the face of the Queen, and in that also of the Princess Victoria, there is a species of exaggeration of expression which makes for melancholy, and might even suggest the morbid. There is a touch of distinction that fits the subjects; also a beauty common to mediæval work, and rare indeed in that which is modern. With these advantages we get in Princess Victoria's face a remoteness which is not proper to it, and in the Queen's an accent here and there where none exists in life. There has been a dotting of "i's" and a crossing of "t's" by this chisel which is unfortunate as well as superfluous. In the bust of the King, this defect is not to be found; but, let us confess it as perhaps the sculptor's sufficient defence against our strictures, there is some resulting lack of interest in the treatment. The three busts have been commissioned by his Majesty from Signor Canonica, who has his studio at Turin, and who is, we believe, a "discovery"—and a very lucky one—of the Duchess d'Aosta.

In the Water-Colour Room Mr. Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., takes distinguished precedence with "A Moorish Well." The subject is particularly well suited to his brush, which has always an Oriental solemnity and beauty at easy command. Also an arresting drawing is Miss E. Fortescue-Brickdale's "Love and his Counterfeits"; and it is easy to see both here and elsewhere that this clever lady, herself a recent apparition, has already become the inspirer of a school. "Fair Wind Home" shows Mr. Napier Hemy, A.R.A., faithful in water-colour to the subjects he has treated with even better effects in oil. Mr. W. L. Wyllie makes protest against Birmingham's polity in his "Doomed Valley: The Water-Supply of Birmingham." Mr. Tristram Ellis and other familiars are again faithful to these walls.

This week we publish the last of our Academy Supplements reproducing noteworthy examples exhibited at Burlington House this season. W. M.

MINES: THE MEANS OF SINKING THE "PETROPAVLOVSK" AND "HATSUSE."

SKETCHES BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY COZENS.

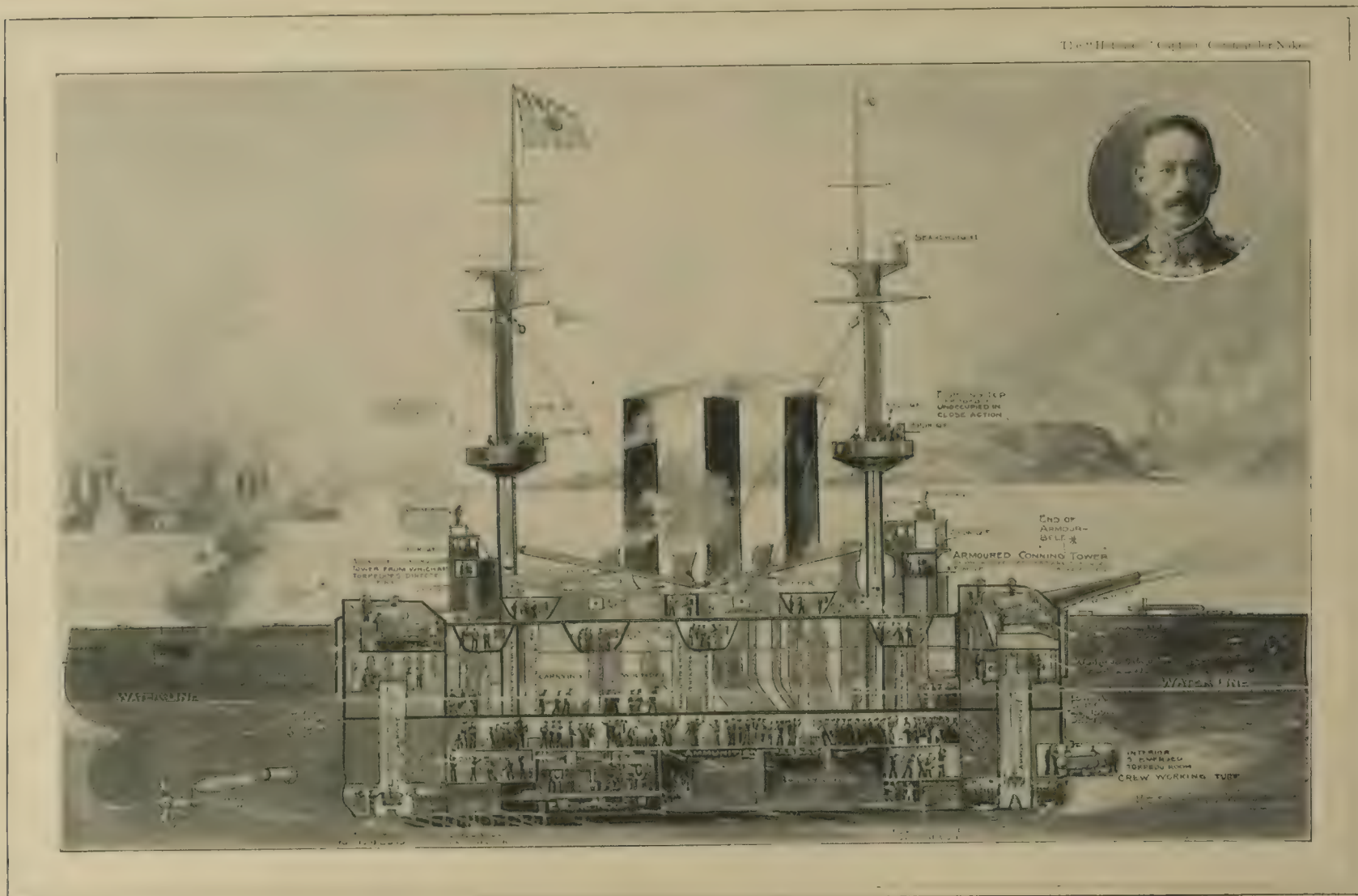


1. FOR THE TEACHING OF NAVAL MINING: MODEL MINES IN THE SENIOR LECTURE ROOM OF H.M.S. "VERNON."
 2. FILLING AN ELECTRO-CONTACT MINE WITH GUN-COTTON. THE SMALLER MINES HOLD 76 LB. OF GUN-COTTON, THE LARGER (SHOWN BEHIND) 500 LB.

3. BOAT WITH SUBMARINE MINES READY FOR DROPPING
 4, 5, AND 7. EXPLAINED ON DRAWING.
 6. THE ELECTRO-MECHANICAL MINE, EXPLAINED BELOW.

(6.) Within mine is an electric battery $\tau \tau$, from which come wires $w w$, capable of firing charge c , when the mine is tilted by a ship so as to cause mercury in spindle v to make contact with ends of wires all but dipping into it. During laying of mine, premature explosion is prevented by an insulating cake of sugar s , holding apart discs t' , t' , thus breaking circuit. When mine is laid, water is allowed to enter and melt sugar, thus letting discs t' and t' come together; and the circuit from battery now needs only the movement of mercury to complete it and fire the mine. The diagrams are based on Lieutenant G. E. Armstrong's handbook, "Torpedoes and Torpedo-Vessels," by permission of the publishers, Messrs. George Bell and Sons.

LOSSES TO THE JAPANESE AND RUSSIAN NAVIES: THE MINED "HATSUSE" AND THE TORPEDOED "PALLADA."



THE ILL-FAIRED "HATSUSE" IN SECTION, SHOWING THE WORKING OF THE VESSEL DURING AN ENGAGEMENT.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

This general outline of the "Hatsuse's" construction was supplied to our Artist by Messrs. Armstrong, the builders, who desired to avoid the publication of particular detail. It shows the extent of the armour-belt, the position of the guns, and the crew at quarters during an action. Note the ingenious system of electric and hand hoists for raising the ammunition to the guns.



THE TORPEDO'S TERRIBLE TOUCH: THE HUGE HOLE BLOWN IN THE SIDE OF THE RUSSIAN CRUISER "PALLADA."

This photograph, showing the damage done to the "Pallada's" plating and armour-belt, was taken after the vessel had been docked at Port Arthur for repairs.

THE "KASUGA'S" VICTIM: A VETERAN JAPANESE CRUISER SUNK BY THE NEWEST RECRUIT.

DRAWING BY C. WYLLIE; PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL PRESS.



THE DESTROYER OF THE "YOSHINO": THE NEW JAPANESE CRUISER "KASUGA."

THE UNLUCKY "YOSHINO" (SUNK ACCIDENTALLY BY THE "KASUGA" ON MAY 15) AS SHE APPEARED IN 1894
DURING THE ATTACK ON WEI-HAI-WEI.

During a fog, the "Kasuga" (the new Italian-built cruiser lately navigated to Japan by a British crew) rammed and sank the Japanese cruiser "Yoshino" off Port Arthur. The "Yoshino" was built at Elswick in 1892. She carried three hundred men, four 15-centimetre guns, eight 12-centimetre guns, and twenty-two 47-millimetre guns. She led the flying squadron during the Sino-Japanese War and did signal service, becoming the chief terror of the Chinese.



FATE'S DISCOUNT OF THE "PETROPAVLOVSK" DISASTER: THE JAPANESE BATTLE-SHIP "HATSUSE," SUNK BY A RUSSIAN MINE OFF PORT ARTHUR

Fate has taken reprisals for the "Petropavlovsk." On May 15 the "Hatsuse," one of Japan's finest ships, while off Port Arthur covering a landing of troops, struck a mine. She had scarcely signalled for help when she struck another mine and sank in half-an-hour. Three hundred men were rescued by torpedo-boats. The self-sinking battleship was built at Yokohama in 1901. She cost of 15,000 tons displacement, and carried 741 men. Her armament included four 12-in. guns, fourteen 6-in., twenty 3-in., eight 2-pounders, and six 1-pounders.

RUSSIA'S GREATEST NAVAL DISASTER NOW DISCOUNTED BY JAPAN'S LOSS OF THE "HATSUSE."

DRAWING BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



THE "PETROPAVLOVSK," ADMIRAL MAKAROFF'S FLAG-SHIP, SUNK BY A MINE OFF PORT ARTHUR, APRIL 13

The "Petropavlovsk," it will be remembered, sank two minutes after the explosion. With her went down Admiral Makaroff and 700 men. Verestchagin, the great Russian battle-painter, also perished in the disaster.

The "Petropavlovsk" was of 10,000 tons; the Japanese vessel "Hatsuse," sunk by a mine on May 15, was of 15,000 tons.

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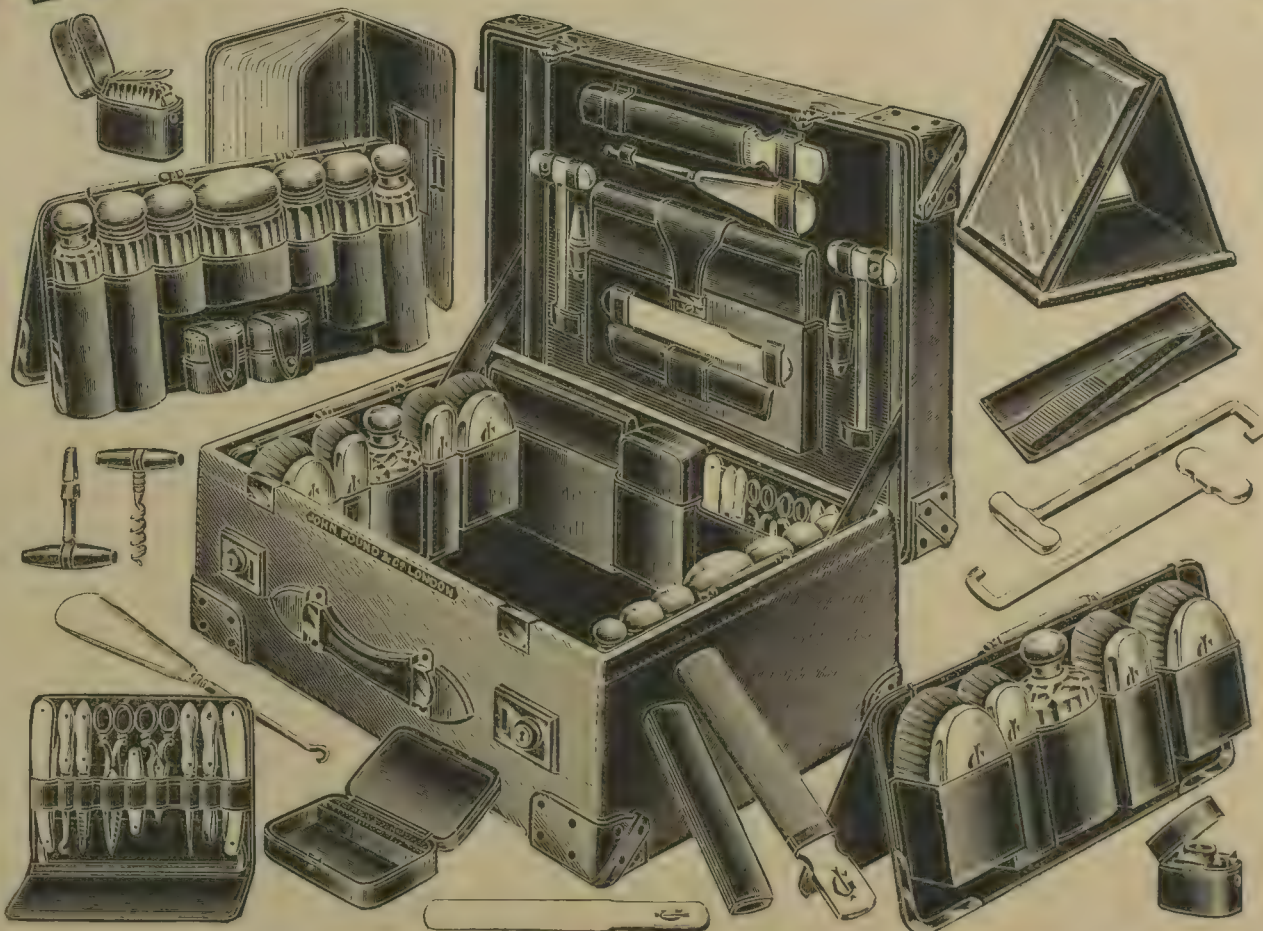
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A HISTORY CONTINUED.

Sir Spencer Walpole's reputation for judgment and accuracy has been so firmly established by his "History of England from 1815 to 1858" that the student can approach with confidence a continuation of that work. The author, however, has changed his plan: the scope of the two new volumes, "The History of Twenty-five Years" (Longmans), which cover rather more than half the allotted period, is wider, because, as he explains, in the period covered by them foreign affairs are more absorbing than domestic. Not that he neglects the latter: we are given the details of every Budget, and are presented with a minute examination of the various franchise schemes rife in 1867, which many will find inexpressibly tedious. The careful and systematic history of the country's finance is one of the most valuable features of the book. Sir Spencer had covered the events of the Indian Mutiny in his earlier work, but the history of the transference of India from Company to Crown is here very fully and clearly treated. There is a judicious account of the Jamaica rising and Governor Eyre, and the reader is piloted with skill through the mazes of our intervention in China between 1857 and 1861. But the history of the great self-governing colonies is practically omitted. Nothing very exciting happened in Canada, South Africa, or Australia during this period except the formation of the Dominion of Canada just at the end; however, we trust that Sir Spencer will pick up the thread in a future volume, for the Dominions beyond the Seas were making rapid progress. On Irish affairs the book is a little disappointing, since it takes them up only when there was a fuss in Parliament about them. Thus the Fenian conspiracies of 1866 are sprung upon the reader as unexpectedly as they were upon the country at the time. But the historian should surely look more closely into the origins of things than it is the habit of the practical politician to look. The Irish Church disestablishment is fully treated, though the author seems oddly blind to the fact that, whatever the merits of the question, Mr. Gladstone's Bill did involve a violation of the Act of Union, and a repudiation of the Sovereign's accession oath. It is, by the way, quite wrong to describe Judge O'Connor Morris as a "hostile critic" of the Irish Land Act of 1870. On its treatment of foreign affairs it would be difficult to praise this book too highly. Sir Spencer has none of that bias against Napoleon III. which makes Mr. Herbert Paul's entertaining volumes



Photo. Lafayette.

A DISTINGUISHED SUPPORTER OF THE NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT CONCERT:
THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

The concert, which will be held at the Queen's Hall on June 8, has been organised at the special request of the Prince of Wales. A magnificent programme has been arranged in which Madame Melba, Herr Kreisler, M. Saint-Saëns, and M. Coquelin will take part. The Marchioness of Londonderry is one of the presidents for Mayfair of the West-End Ladies' Auxiliary. The Life-Boat Society is in urgent need of funds.

perfectly useless as a guide to European history. He does not approve, but he takes the trouble to understand that very remarkable figure. The political issues of the American War of Secession are successfully handled, though the author has no gift for describing battles. The only real mistake we have noticed is the statement that Louisiana was bought by the States from Spain: Spain had previously transferred the region to Napoleon. The book does not attempt any account of contemporary literature as a whole, but there is a very interesting passage on the influences of Mill, Carlyle, Ruskin, and Tennyson on our national life. This history is eminently judicial, and its writer has exceptional qualifications. A Liberal in politics, son of a Conservative Cabinet Minister, and himself a distinguished permanent official, Sir Spencer Walpole has lived close to the centre of things. We detect a certain animus against Disraeli, but this is a mark of human nature which adds to the interest of the book; for Disraeli seems to have treated Mr. Spencer Walpole very badly indeed, and we cannot wonder that the son refuses to extend to the great leader the full measure of that toleration with which he views his father's other political associates. The character of Gladstone (somewhat in Plutarch's manner) will excite varied feelings in readers, but Sir Spencer certainly goes too far in claiming that everybody will recognise in that statesman certain qualities—for instance, the capacity for constructive statesmanship—in which many of us believe him to have been signally wanting. But on the whole, it would be difficult to imagine a fairer history, and impossible to find one so accurate.

The oldest English book on hunting will shortly be issued in an interesting reprint. "The Master of Game," as the work is called, was written between the years 1406 and 1413, by Edward, second Duke of York. The editors of the new issue are W. A. and F. Baillie Grohman; there is a preface by President Roosevelt; and the publishers are Messrs. Ballantyne, Hanson, and Co. The illustrations will include reproductions of the original text. Only six hundred numbered and signed copies are contemplated. Half of these copies will be reserved for subscribers in England, the rest are for America and the Continent. The book will cost £5 before publication, £6 after. Ten copies printed on Japanese hand-made vellum paper will be sold at £30 per copy.

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JEANNE HATTO, Soprano, of the Opera, Paris.

I have just heard the Pianola perform a difficult musical work, and the effects are not only musical and artistic, but simply astounding.

ENRICO CARUSO, Tenor.

I feel as if I had listened to the performance of a great master, for only an artist of the highest rank could produce such music from the piano. In musical effect it is so much different from other piano-players as to be startling.

OTTO GORITZ, Bass.

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seem to me beyond criticism. If all of the other piano-players offered for sale were as good as the Pianola, without the Metrostyle, they could not approach your instrument in musical and artistic value. The Metrostyle is simply indispensable to the student and in the home where good music is appreciated.

POL PLANGON, Baritone.

I wish to express to you my great surprise and delight at the performance which I have just heard on the Metrostyle Pianola. This instrument, it seems to me, should do more for the art of pianoforte playing than any other invention known, for, unlike the ordinary piano-players, which in most cases are intolerable, it not only executes the composition, but, by means of the Metrostyle, gives a real interpretation.

AINO ACKTE, Soprano.

I have just heard the Metrostyle, and writing of its performance is like speaking of the work of an artist. Executing the great masterpieces of pianoforte literature by means of the Pianola is itself a great feat and a source of wonder, but performing these works with all the delicate shading of a virtuoso's interpretation is almost beyond belief.

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may be worn side by side with a row that costs three thousand sterling, and the clearest north light will disclose no inequalities of value. Many imitators have tried to copy them, but the method of the creation is as well kept as the secret of the constituents of Benedictine or Chartreuse was kept by faithful monks, and all attempts, without exception, have therefore been obviously and frankly

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LADIES' PAGES.

Lord Knutsford presided over the annual meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Employment of Women, of which his Lordship is president. This is by far the oldest society of its kind, having been established over forty-five years. The chief work of the society consists in supplying loans to aid women to prepare for remunerative work. The need of definite technical training for any wage-earning occupation is now universally perceived by persons who think. Only too often, however, it still happens that parents who, so long as they themselves live, can support their daughters, even on a narrow scale, fail to provide them with a wage-earning occupation by means of proper training. The lot of a woman who reaches mature age, and then by the death of her parents is thrown out untrained into the world to maintain herself, is a truly deplorable one; and marriage for middle-class girls has now become so problematical that it is not safe to reckon upon it as a career in life for daughters. Hence this society finds that the most practically useful work that can be done is to assist women to obtain proper training for some definite occupation according to their abilities and powers. During the last seven years not far short of two thousand pounds has been lent for this purpose, to be repaid by instalments from the earnings of the grantee, free of interest. The amounts are almost invariably paid back in full. During the last ten years only a little over 7 per cent. of the amount lent has been lost, and in almost every instance even this loss has been caused by failure of health or family troubles. Lord Knutsford justly described this as a very satisfactory result. It was mentioned that in 1801 the census returns show that 17,859 females were employed as clerks, including shorthand-writers and typists, and but ten years later the census of 1901 shows an increase under this heading to 55,784. A very good idea exploited exclusively by this society is a registry of temporary waitresses and parlour-maids. The majority of them are married women who were parlour-maids in good service while single. It is very convenient to be able to engage them for extra help at dinner-parties, to serve the tea at receptions, and so on. The address of the society is 22, Berners Street. Amongst those present at the meeting were Lady Frances Balfour, the Hon. Victoria Grosvenor, and Miss Jessie Boucherett, the last named of whom has just given the society a munificent donation of £1000 for investment.

At a meeting of the Central Society for Women's Suffrage on May 16, it was mentioned that a special organising fund of £1500 has been raised this year. An interesting analysis was given of the recent vote in favour of the Political Enfranchisement of Women in the House of Commons, by which it appears that the Liberal vote in



A DESIGN IN MAUVE GLACÉ SILK.

favour has largely increased. In the recent division, out of the Liberals who voted, ten to one voted in favour; at the last division taken in the House of Commons, in 1897, the Liberal voting was only two to one in favour. In the interval Mr. John Morley has declared himself in favour, and the Women's Liberal Federation has resolved to make a test question of the Suffrage; that is to say, the organisers of the central body of that Federation are only to be sent to assist in constituencies where the Liberal candidate is in favour of Women's Suffrage, although the local associations are left free to act as they might please in each case. It thus appears that those who held that the Liberal members in favour of Women's Suffrage would be inspired and increased in numbers by finding women themselves sufficiently in earnest about their own enfranchisement to make it a test question, are justified by the result. Of the numbers who voted in the majority in the House of Commons division, fifty-two were new friends voting in the affirmative for the first time.

In connection with this subject it will interest many to learn that a new edition of John Stuart Mill's "Subjection of Women" is about to be published. It has been out of print in this country for many years past, and has sold in the booksellers' catalogues at fifteen shillings, in consequence of its scarcity. Mr. Mill's executrix has during this time turned a deaf ear to requests to give her permission for the publication of a new edition, but she has now signed a document authorising the republication at a cheap price.

The cause of Women's Suffrage has suffered a great loss in the lamented death, on May 16, of Mr. John Pennington Thomasson, ex-M.P. for Bolton. He was a man of the rarest combination of munificence and generosity, with wise judgment and careful conscientiousness in the use of his wealth. The education of Bolton has been aided by him with gifts of over thirty thousand pounds, a large part of which is devoted to the training of pupil-teachers and to the provision of higher free schools, such as will henceforth be provided from the public funds, but have hitherto only existed where otherwise established as by Mr. Thomasson. His benefactions and aids to public workers and causes often were quite private, and on many lips to-day will be the words, "I have lost my best friend." But publicly, too, he was a generous helper when he approved the object, and to no other cause was he more steadfastly and surely a friend than to that of the advancement of women—their political rights, higher education, admission to professions, etc. In presenting a donation of £2500 to the Liberal Campaign fund last year, Mr. Thomasson accompanied it with a condition that a protest from him should be publicly read "against a sex qualification for the vote, as repugnant to the principles of justice. Our great

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leader, Mr. Gladstone," Mr. Thomasson's letter continued, "said that 'justice is the rarest of all virtues, the most precious, the least valued.' Justice demands that while Parliament passes laws restricting women's right to labour, to the custody of their children, and lays down the conditions of marriage and divorce which they are bound to obey, etc., women shall have a voice in the passing of those laws." It will generally be found that if a man takes up so strong and helpful an attitude towards women's progress, the ladies of his own family are in earnest on the question. Mrs. Thomasson is a niece of Mr. John Bright, and she, as well as nearly all the other ladies of that distinguished family of Friends, have been from the first among the leaders in the Women's Suffrage movement.

One reason why this no longer seems so ludicrous as once was the case was presented at the degree-giving ceremony at the London University on May 18, when Lord Rosebery handed to almost as many women as men the coveted parchment certifying to the high attainments, intellectually, of the holders. The degrees of this University are of a high standing; the examinations by which they are gained are very difficult. The whole of them are open to women on the same terms as to men, and the successful students are called up simply in alphabetical order. It was pleasant to see, once, brother and sister come up side by side to receive the same degree after training in the same college, and each receiving honours, too. Among those entitled to the Bachelor of Science degree, out of a total of 190, 43 were girls; amongst the Bachelors of Medicine and Masters of Surgery, there appeared 20 women; and when it came to the Bachelors of Arts, there were actually more women than men—96 women and 81 men passed before Lord Rosebery on the platform, and the names run in this sort of fashion (I give the first few just as they come on the list): Margaret, Mary, Winifred, Edith, George, Norah, Geoffrey, William, Winifred, Mary, Henrietta, Margaret, Percy, Lilian, James. Three of these take Honours—and they are Mary, Henrietta, Margaret! There were only two Doctors in Law, and one was Miss Ivy Williams, who has been refused admission to one of the Inns of Court to prepare for legal practice, though the degree she holds is far beyond the acquirements of the average barrister.

It is quite the fashion at present to go out without any mantle at all. A little pelerine of the same material as the dress, or a capelet of lace or accordion-pleated chiffon, or a wide stole of ostrich or Marabout feathers may be worn, but very often the beautifully and elaborately constructed dress-bodice alone is held sufficient for walking in the park and for visiting. When the sleeves of the dresses are so huge as they are at present, coats with sleeves are not convenient. Shawl-shaped capes are the latest thing out in Paris, but are still a novelty in London. A great deal of black velvet ribbon, threaded through and through lace, or made up into little bows of many strands, is to be seen, and black Chantilly lace



A RIVER FROCK IN CREAM SERGE.

laid over white is also an admirable arrangement for a pelerine or shawl-shaped cape. Another very popular method of trimming is with a ribbon gathered into a ruche. It has the old-world look which is "the newest thing out." The gathered-up ribbon is frequently applied to the dress in a pattern, perhaps a circle or perhaps a true-lovers' knot; and it is put alike upon taffetas, shot glacé, muslin, and voile frocks. The muslins with coloured grounds are extremely pretty. Some of the most charming have dark grounds, such as purple, brown, royal blue, or old red, with the design of many-tinted flowers in brighter shades laid upon these grounds. The muslins are made up with numerous soft flounces and plenty of gaugings and pleatings. There is usually a deep swathed waistband of satin or *soie changeante*. This is frequently made with a high point in the middle of the back and also in the front, and whaleboned, so that the pouch of the thinner material rises well towards under the arms. Lace fichus or bands are often introduced on the bodices, and the flounces are usually edged with narrow lace or with quillings of ribbon.

There are very charming hats to be seen at present. Although the ends down the back are sometimes very ungainly and "straggly," the fashion, nevertheless, is an extremely graceful one, and when applied with skill and the assistance of a beautiful piece of lace the effect is charming. A black hat with a rather high crown (for the crowns of hats are steadily rising day by day) had a white ostrich feather standing almost upright against it, and a brim of white chip with a line of lace inserted in it, and a Honiton lace scarf passed round it and hanging in two ends gracefully down the back. The brim was bent well down over the hair at the extreme back, and there trimmed with four or five creamy Gloire-de-Dijon roses, held together by knots of pale-green velvet ribbon, of which a strand or two fell over the lace, though not so far down the back. There are some uncommon colours in hats—new colours which are peeping forth also in the materials and trimmings of dresses, but more bashfully than they are displaying themselves in millinery, which is always allowed a little more latitude in colour because of its small scale and its being the crowning of the costume's scheme. Curious purples, deep dark pinks, and the colours which our grandmothers called "puce" and "lavender," and many odd shades of red or touches of the brightest orange and voyant yellow brighten up fashionable hats. A toque with a torpedo front and the side brim picturesquely rolled upwards has its crown of delicate heliotrope and its brim of one of the purplish pinks aforesaid. It is trimmed with a band of violet velvet and thickly clustered flowers.

One of our Illustrations shows a dress in mauve glacé silk trimmed with rows of lace insertion, edged all round with a narrow frill of the silk, which forms rosettes on panels at intervals. The other is a pretty frock in cream serge with a yoke and collar of tucked muslin trimming it all round, adorned with tiny silk buttons.—FILOMENA.

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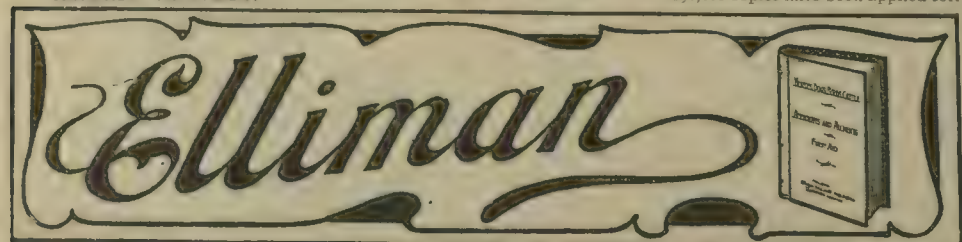


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A NIGHT AT THE HALLES.

BY PARISIAN.

It has become the fashion to visit the Paris Halles at night-time, much as one visits the Catacombs or the Sewers. A very curious side of life is presented. At one or two o'clock in the morning the main avenues of the market have become the "dossing" ground of outcast Paris. Some have no "visible" means of subsistence; others eke out a precarious livelihood in doing the odd jobs of the market. They perch themselves on either side of the roadway, like rows of disconsolate sparrows on a wintry day. Indeed, they live as near to nature as the birds. At four o'clock comes the soup, brought round in cans by an enterprising merchant, and these poor creatures are fortified against the day. Sometimes they prefer to live this life when their own circumstances would enable them to leave it. Of such is an old grey-haired woman, crouching, a little removed from the rest, in a dark corner. One of the genial *agents*, whose duty it is to watch the markets at night, points her out to me with the remark, "She has children who would take care of her; but she prefers to be here." There is another example in another corner: he is a wrinkled and bent old fellow who has made money, it seems. For him, however, there is no softer couch than the hard ground of the market-place, no sweeter lullaby than the distant rumble of the market wagons.

But if we wander from this dormitory of disconsolate Paris, which will presently quicken into life, we shall

come upon a scene that is vastly different. It is in a square adjoining. A blaze of light in an otherwise dimly illumined space invites us to enter. It is a café—an all-night house—the last place of call for those unhappy beings who make up what in mockery

is discussing its meal in silence. Evidently it is too early; we must await the arrival of the *habitués*. Presently they enter, in twos and threes—old women and young women, smart and semi-smart. They sit at little tables, and they sit there unquestioned, because they are never

asked to "consume": it is the rule of the house. They are glad of the rest and of the light and warmth. Then some men arrive—pale-faced youths, living the pace that kills, or middle-aged and hardened prodigals. A mandolin, a piano, and a singer with a rasping voice compose the orchestra. The mandolin begins to twang, the pianist thumps out an accompaniment, tum, tum, and the human instrument clears his throat for action with a prefatory "bock." The company is galvanised into life. Dowdy girls and smart girls begin to waltz and croon the song of the man with the broken voice.

In the midst of the singing and the sweep of feet upon the floor comes another sound—the crash of glass, followed by a shriek of anger. In an instant the music stops, and the world of dancers stands agape. There in the corner someone has hurled a glass at his neighbour, and the blood is coursing down the victim's face. Strange! There are no reprisals! Aggressor and aggrieved glare at one another; but there are no blows struck—nothing except a

consultation between the injured man and his neighbour. The crowd does not know what to make of it, but it must dance again to show its gaiety. The orchestra recommences with a waltz, and the couples gyrate once more. But the incident is not closed, as everyone supposed. Two policemen enter, and Discobolos



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is called the gay side of Paris. At this moment the old waiter, who has been caricatured a hundred times by famous Parisian artists, is fast asleep upon a bench, dreaming, perchance, of scenes of revelry of which he has been the silent witness. In a far corner a solitary supper-party, at which the proprietor presides,

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is marched off sandwiched between the myrmidons of the law. "C'est bien fait!" shouts the company. The wounded one brings up the rear. As he passes I ask the reason of his strange abstinence. "I am an officer," he said, "and—well, in this place—"

Outside, there is a quivering in the east, but there is still time to see some of the characteristic sights. As we glance down one of the side-streets, narrow and tortuous, a sound of revelry is borne out on the night air. Again there is dancing; but the music is supplied by an accordion. The door opens, and a flood of light falls across the narrow roadway. Into it walk a couple: the man with the greasy clothes, slouching gait, and hang-dog look of a Paris Apache; the woman with a wealth of golden hair and a face that is distinctly pretty, notwithstanding a certain coarseness. "Look," said my companion, "that is Casque d'Or, the famous Queen of the Apaches." We had come, indeed, upon the favourite resort of these notorious ill-doers, picturesquely dubbed by the Parisian journalist the Apaches. My friend is full of stories of their deeds. "One of my acquaintances," he said, "is a barrister. He defended Lecca, one of the most celebrated of the 'Chiefs,' against a charge of attempted murder. Lecca had a knife with seven notches in it—that represented seven men he had killed. I guarantee that the Head of the Sûreté himself dare not enter that house. If he did, he would not get out of it alive." Scattered about this neighbourhood are various houses which have a similarly evil fame. They are periodically shut up after some desperate occurrence, but they are speedily opened again.

Other establishments make a speciality of entertaining the very poor. The most curious of these are the *maisons à la corde*. The last *consommateurs* have the right to stay all night. At midnight a rope is stretched from side to side of the room and the sleeper leans upon it. In the morning the rope is slackened, and the "client" rudely awakened by being sprawled upon the floor. They have strange notions of hospitality in this part of Paris, suited to a strange world. But now the first grey streaks of morning appear in the sky; the day has broken, and the market has become a busy hive.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Dean of St. Paul's has been in somewhat feeble health since Easter, and his place in the Cathedral pulpit on Whit-Sunday was taken by Canon Newbolt.

The Bishop of Rochester has now almost recovered from the effects of his recent operation, and he hopes to hold his ordination on the second Sunday after Trinity. It is gratifying to learn that the Bishop of Winchester, who is staying near the Italian lakes, has also much improved in health.

The Bishop of London has been visiting Oxford, and preached the University sermon from a text on which he also preached in London on Ascension Day, "Can He give bread also, or provide flesh for His people?" The Bishop's subject was the value of accumulated faith—whether of individuals or societies—as a strength and inspiration in times of trouble.

Dr. Hoskyns, Bishop of Burnley, has sailed for South Africa, where he is to take part in the "mission of help." It will be interesting to see if the missionaries are as successful as "Gipsy Smith" has been in drawing thousands to his services at Cape Town and other centres. Dr. Collins, the new Bishop of Gibraltar, has also arrived at Cape Town.

Canon Newbolt is taking an active part in the opposition to any "silencing" of the Athanasian Creed. Writing to the *Church Times*, he says: "Speaking only for myself as a simple priest in the diocese of London, the Church of England, with one creed silenced, can never command the same respect and love as the Church of my ordination." Canon Newbolt thinks the present policy of Convocation is likely to result in the disturbance of faith and in an unsettlement of which it is impossible to foresee the end.

Dean Armitage Robinson presided last Wednesday over the annual meeting of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa. This mission was originally organised in response to an appeal from Dr. Livingstone, and

the work shows a quiet advance in all directions. The report mentioned the curious fact that a Christian school cannot be erected without the Government's permission, while no such leave is required in the case of a Mohammedan school.

The Archbishop of Canterbury made a very interesting speech at this year's anniversary of the S.P.C.K. He showed that the Society's work had penetrated into the least-known regions of the earth. For instance, 10,000 Confirmation cards have been sent to Uganda; 1000 copies of Bible stories in the Hausa language; 7000 copies of the Kafir hymn-book; the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments in Eskimo. The Society's income averages about £33,000.

The Bishop of Oxford preached one of his most striking sermons at the Foundling Hospital on the Sunday after Ascension Day. His subject was "Kindness," and he defined the word as the will and watchfulness to make others glad. Dr. Paget also dwelt on such characteristics of the kindly disposition as the desire to find extenuating circumstances, the cheerful confidence that people mean well, and the skill which offers plans for getting right without loss of self-respect.

The Albert Hall was crowded last Saturday for the great Christian Endeavour Convention, which is meeting in London during Whitsuntide. Special sermons were preached in hundreds of churches, the most important being that of the Rev. J. H. Jowett at the City Temple on Tuesday. An open-air demonstration was held in Hyde Park on Whit Monday.

Ruskin College, Oxford, an institution that does not exist for the purpose of making money, but in order to spread knowledge of social problems and the means of grappling with them, is at present giving a course of instruction by correspondence on the tariff problem and the education question. These courses are intended for students who cannot come into residence.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 9, 1900) of Sir Henry Thompson, Bart., of 35, Wimpole Street, W., who died on April 18, was proved on May 11 by Sir Henry Francis Herbert Thompson, the son, Henry Ayscough Thompson, and Herbert Thomas Herring, the executors, the value of the estate being £226,298. The testator gives various pictures and articles of silver and vertu to his three children; £500, and furniture of the value of £1000, to his wife, Dame Fanny Kate Thompson; his portrait by Millais to the National Gallery; £3000, in trust, for his sister Mrs. Margaret Ridley; and legacies to servants. A fund producing £1800 per annum is to be set aside, and £1500 per annum part thereof paid to his wife, and the remainder of the income is to accumulate until her decease, when the whole amount is to be divided among his children. The manuscript of a work written by him, containing "My Personal Recollections" of persons and events, he gives to his executors to retain for ten years after his decease, and then for publication. Until the expiration of the ten years, no part of the contents is to be divulged. The residue of his property he leaves as to one third to his son, and one third, in trust, for each of his daughters Mrs. Kate Watkins and Mrs. Helen de Candole.

The will (dated March 14, 1895), with a codicil (of July 25, 1901), of Mr. Hugh Lewis Taylor, of 23, Phillimore Gardens, S.W., who died on March 31, was

proved on May 13 by Thomas Francis Martin Cartwright, Thomas James Russell, and Thomas Arthur Stanley, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £225,425. The testator gives £1000, the household and domestic effects, and the income from £40,000 to his wife, Mrs. Helen Constance Taylor, and on her decease such sum is to go as she shall appoint; £20,000, in trust, for his daughter Mary Ann Jane Taylor; £20,000, in trust, for his son Hugh Lewis Taylor, and his wife and daughters Mildred and Winifred; £20,000 each, in trust, for his sons Herbert Charles and Ernest Joseph; £2000 each to Eleanor, Margaret, Louisa, and William Sibbald; and £200 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife and sons Herbert Charles and Ernest Joseph.

The will (dated June 7, 1900) of Sir Thomas Salt, Bart., of 85, St. George's Square, S.W., and Weeping Cross, Staffordshire, who died on April 8, was proved on May 12 by Dame Emma Helen Mary Salt, the widow, Sir Thomas Anderdon Salt, Bart., and Hubert Edward Salt, the sons, the value of the estate being £177,897. The testator gives £250 each to his executors; the household furniture, etc., at his town residence, and other effects, to his wife; and £7500 each to his sons Walter Petit and Harold Francis, his other younger children being provided for. The residue of his property he leaves to his heir-at-law.

The will (dated May 18, 1903) of Mr. James Robert Burn, of 5, Upper Phillimore Gardens, S.W., and Court

Garden, Goring, who died on March 7, was proved on May 13 by John Rowland Hopwood, Herbert James Mercer, and Frederick André Mills, the value of the real and personal estate being £90,678. The testator gives £250, an annuity of £1000, and the furniture at his town residence to his sister Emily Jane Burn; £250 to William Primrose Mills; £250 each to his executors; an annuity of £1000 to his sister Louisa Elizabeth Mills; an annuity of £1000 to Annie Sarah Bushell; the South Island in the River Thames at Cleve, with his houseboat, steam-launch, and boats, to his nephews Herbert James Mercer and Frederick André Mills; the North Island to his nephew John Bernard Mercer; £1000 to Emily Jane Plummer; and £1000 to Harry Edward Orrinsmith. The residue of his property he leaves as to one fifth each to his nephews and nieces Herbert James Mercer, Frederick André Mills, Emily Louise Stannus, Alice Buckley, and Florence Emelie Baudry.

The will (dated Aug. 19, 1899) of Mr. Alexander William Radford Norcop, of Belton Hall, Market Drayton, who died on Feb. 27, was proved on May 11 by Arthur Radford, the gross value of the estate amounting to £82,272. The testator devises and gives all his real and personal estate, in trust, for John Radford for life, with remainder to his first and other sons in tail, he taking the name and arms of Norcop.

The will (dated Sept. 1, 1900) of Admiral Sir Robert Henry More-Molyneux, of 16, Buckingham Palace Mansions, who died on Feb. 29, was proved on

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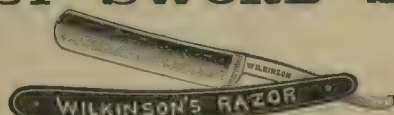
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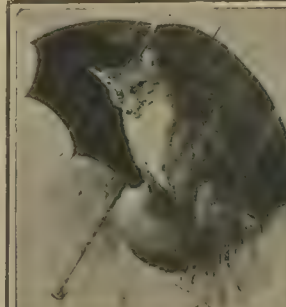


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May 12 by Miss Gwendoline Carew More-Molyneux, the daughter, John Edmund Eastwood, and Walter Sarel, the value of the estate being £56,556. The testator gives £100 each to the Surrey County Hospital and Miss Weston's Sailors' Home; £50 each to the Seamen and Mariners' Orphan Homes, the Soldiers and Sailors' Orphanage (Stoke), the School for Naval Officers' Daughters, the Home for Incurables, and the Hospital for Women, Chelsea; £25 each to the National Life-Boat Institution and the Surrey Convalescent Home; £15,000, in trust, for his daughter; £150 each to John Edmund Eastwood and Walter Sarel; £500 to his brother William; £500 to his sister Frances Caroline; and £500 to his sister Henrietta More Mangles, and £250 each to her children. The residue of his property he leaves to his daughter.

The will (dated April 21, 1875) of the Hon. Henry Prendergast Vereker, of The Pitts, Binstead, Isle of Wight, who died on March 22, was proved on May 13 by Captain Charles Granville Vereker, the son, the value of the estate being £45,077. He gives the household furniture to his wife, and there are specific gifts of jewels, plate, and articles of vertu to his children, Earl Granville, and members of the Gort family. Subject to the interest of his wife he appoints the funds of his marriage settlement, and he gives the residue of his property

to his five children—Charles Granville, Henry Gosset, Kathleen Louisa, Alianora Maria Julia, and Elizabeth Henricqua, the shares of each son to be double that of each daughter.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1903) of Mr. Herman William Lochnis, of 21, Cadogan Gardens and 1, Hare Court, Temple, who died on March 24, was proved on May 12 by Mrs. Vera Geraldine Lochnis, the widow, and Arthur Henry Brandt, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £35,571. The testator leaves £5000, in trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife till 1925, and then for his son Clive; £50 to Arthur Henry Brandt; and small legacies to goddaughters and clerks. The residue of his property he gives to his wife.

The will (dated April 6, 1898) of Louisa, Dowager Lady Inchiquin, of 103, Queen's Gate, South Kensington, who died on Feb. 13, was proved on May 6 by the Hon. Lucius Murrough O'Brien, the son, and Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Arthur Madan Warde, the value of the estate amounting to £21,128. The testatrix gives £4176, the family pictures, and her residence, with the effects therein, to her son Lucius; an annuity of £50 to her daughter Louisa Anna Maria; £3500 to her daughter Louisa Blanche; and her interest in a house in Onslow Gardens to her son William Henry

Robert. Certain property in Clare, Ireland, and a contingent interest under the will of the late Lord Inchiquin she settles on her son William Henry Robert. The residue of her property she leaves to her son Lucius.

The American International Chess Tournament at Cambridge Springs ended in a brilliant victory for Mr. Marshall, the young American master, who has invested his play with more interest than any contemporary exponent of the game, achieving, in fact, on the chess-board a reputation akin to that of Mr. Jessop in the cricket field. He went through the tourney without losing a single game, and finished a full point ahead of Messrs. Janowsky and Lasker, who tied for second honours. A most creditable first appearance was made by another young American, Mr. Fox, whose play for some time past has promised a great future; and we must not forget to notice the plucky efforts of our own Mr. Lawrence, whose score scarcely did justice to the quality of most of his games. We venture to think Mr. Pillsbury has suffered from overwork, the numerous blindfold and other exhibition matches he has engaged in being too severe a strain even for such genius as his. The tournament seems to have been well managed, and proved a success.



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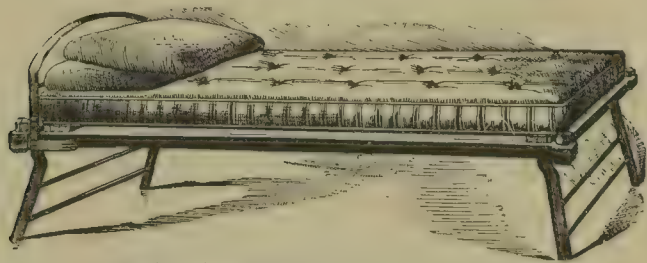
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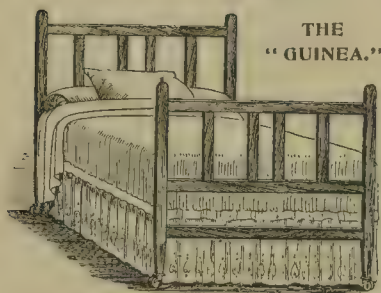


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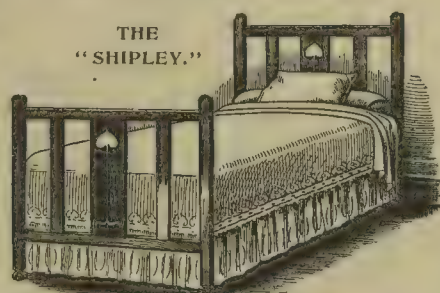
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3 ft.	wide by 6 ft. 6 in. long	£1 15 0
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On May 20 Mr. Alex Disraeli gave a recital at the Steinway Hall. Since last year Mr. Disraeli has improved considerably in technique, if that were possible, his *vibrato* being greatly toned down. He has a beautiful voice, which he uses well, and he sings with distinctness and charm, his phrasing being markedly excellent. As was the case last year, his programme was most interesting, including a new song by Richard Strauss, "Waldseligkeit," and a graceful ballade by Ed. Seuffert, "Klein' Anna Kathrein," which was encored. A group of songs began with a beautiful one of Brahms, "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer." Besides these songs he sang two beautiful pieces by Schubert, "Der Tod und das Mädchen" and "An die Musik." Herr Richard Epstein played somewhat mechanically and lifelessly but with good execution a "Chant Polonaise" of Chopin, the Ballet Music from the "Rosamunde" of Schubert, and a Gavotte Caprice of Grunfeld. Madame Sobrino sang as a thorough artist a song by Schumann, and two ballads of Robert Franz. The concert ended with a war song by Dr. Elgar, sung by Mr. Alex Disraeli.—M. I. H.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Charles Manners, who is now directing a season of English Opera at Drury Lane, has been experimenting with an original idea of his own for obviating the tendency of the instruments to drown the singers. Over the orchestra he has spread a gelatine screen (said to be fire-proof), which deadens the sound considerably. The full value of the invention can, however, be ascertained only after prolonged trial.

The shipbuilding industry of Germany has been minutely described in a finely illustrated volume, compiled and edited by G. Lehmann Felskowski. The work opens with an article on the development of German shipbuilding, which had its first beginnings in the time of the Hanseatic League. It was not, however, until 1830 that Germany began to train her shipbuilders scientifically, and in that year a college was established at Grabow, near Stettin. Since that time the progress has been enormous, as the tables given in the volume go to prove. There are descriptions of the great German shipyards, with illustrations of their plant and the vessels they produce. In the section on the iron industry and shipbuilding an account is given of the

great Krupp factories, and their tremendous operations are shown in progress. Allied subjects, such as mechanical hoisting apparatus and submarine cables, are also dealt with at length and with scientific minuteness. Messrs. Crosby, Lockwood, and Son are the publishers.

For the Derby and the Oaks, the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company are making special arrangements to dispatch trains at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge Stations direct to their Epsom Downs Racecourse Station, near the grand stand. Passengers will be booked through from Kensington (Addison Road) Station by direct trains, and by others changing at Clapham Junction into the Victoria trains to the Epsom Downs Station. Through tickets to Epsom Downs Station via London Bridge will be issued from all stations on the City and South London Electric Railway. Through tickets will also be issued from the principal stations on London and North Western Railway, Great Western Railway, Great Northern Railway, Great Central Railway, and Midland Railway. Special trains are run to the Epsom Town Station from Victoria and London Bridge.

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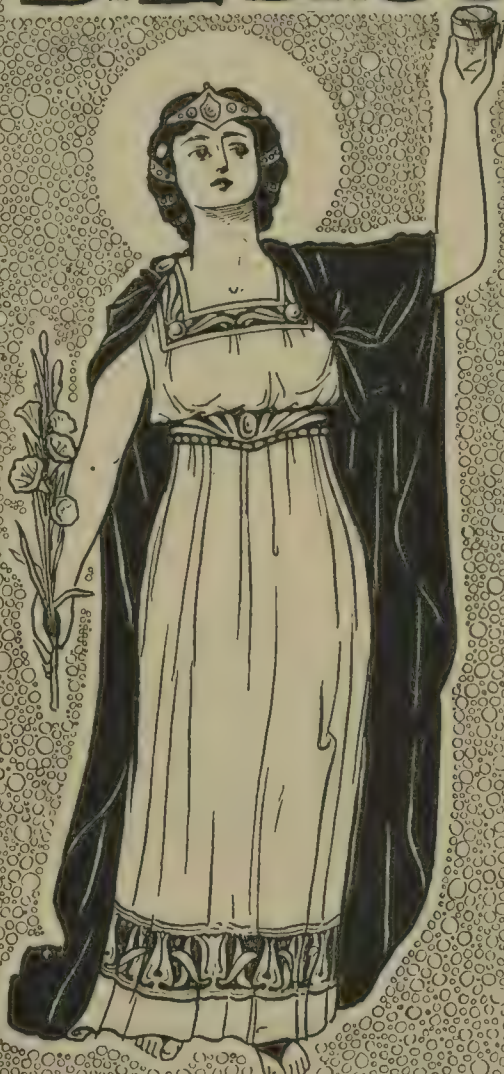
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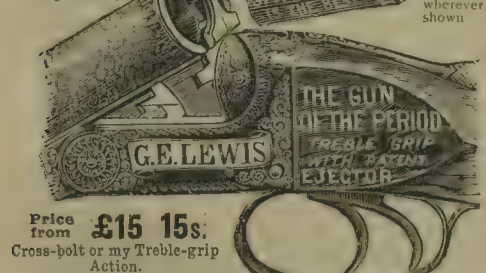


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The above is the latest development of "The Gun of the Period," fitted with the newest and best Patent Ejector, combined with G. E. Lewis's Treble Grip.

We also make this Gun as a Non-Ejector, with treble-grip or cross-bolt action, at 12 Guineas and upwards, or with top-lever and double-bolt from 10 Guineas.

Our Stock of Sporting Guns and Rifles, Ready for Delivery, is the largest in England. Send for 200 page Illustrated Catalogue of finished Stock, giving brand, weight, and full description of every gun. We invite Sportsmen to come and inspect our Stock. Any Gun or Rifle may be Tested at our Range before Purchase.

REPAIRS.—All kinds of Repairs by a Staff of the most Skilled Workmen in the Trade. Quotations Free.
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G. E. LEWIS, 32 & 33, Lower Loveday St., BIRMINGHAM (Established 1850.)

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen, THE WRITING MAN'S RIGHT HAND.



BY BEST WE MEAN BEST.

When we say Waterman's Ideal is the best Fountain Pen made, we mean it. We mean that it is best in every detail, is better to use, and does better work. And we say—and we mean this too—that it does not leak nor spurt, does not stop nor need coaxing, but just writes right on. Try one.

Last year 500,000 WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS were sold.

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IN SILVER AND GOLD FOR PRESENTATION.

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FOOT'S PATENT ADJUSTABLE RECLINING CHAIR



Can be adjusted by the occupant in a moment to any position of comfort. A twist of the wrist does it. It fits the figure in any position, and will rock or remain rigid as desired.

BACK reclines to any degree from upright to flat, and rises automatically.

SEAT tilts to any angle.

LEG-REST inclines to varying positions, and when detached, forms an independent ottoman or foot-stool.

FIT-THE-BACK REST gives just the required amount of support to the small of the back when sitting, reclining, or lying down at full length.

HEAD-REST is adjustable to suit the height of occupant.

TABLE AND READING DESK adjustable and detachable.

An ideal chair for reading, resting, smoking, or study.

Gradual Payments if Desired.

Price List on Application.

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LUNTIN MIXTURE



2 oz. Packets 1/-
1 lb. Tins 2/-

SPECIAL OFFER.

Send 7 stamps and we will forward a sample supply of this grand Tobacco—you will find it delightful. Send to-day.

THOMSON & PORTEOUS, (Dept. 3), EDINBURGH.

She rode an old-fashioned tricycle,
And was cold as an Antarctic icicle;
But she thawed in a trice,
And exclaimed "Oh! how nice!"
When he gave her a

PREMIER BICYCLE.

SAVE YOUR FEET

from perspiration, wet, hot, corns, &c., by wearing

Dr. HOGYES' (Hygienic) ASBESTOS SOCKS.

They keep the feet in perfect health and comfort. Pamphlet free.

In three sizes, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d.

For HOGYES' SOCKS, send 1/- to Dr. HOGYES, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.



A TINY BIT,
A LITTLE RUB,
A BIG SHINE

Is the way with

GLOBE METAL POLISH

Does not injure any metal, however delicate, or skin of user, and, unlike the liquid metal polishes, which contain naphtha, Globe Polish is non-inflammable. **RAIMES & CO., Ltd.**, Tredegar Road, Bow, London, E., and Stockton-on-Tees.

BEST SHEFFIELD MAKE.

REAL HAMBURG GROUND.

KROPP RAZOR

ENGLISH MANUFACTURE.

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.

ALWAYS READY FOR USE.

Black Handle ... 5/6
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A PAIR IVORY HANDLE RAZORS in RUSSIA LEATHER CASE, 21/-

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Kropp Badger Hair Shaving Brushes, 5/6, 7/6, 10/6 each.

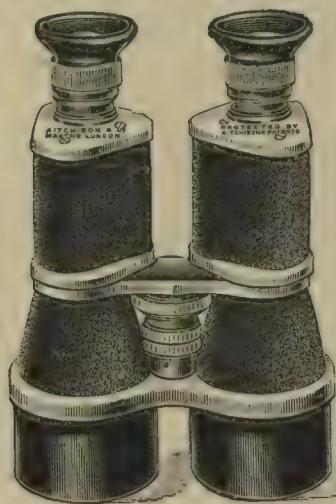
Price 7/6 **KROPP "DUPLIX" STROP.** Price 7/6 each.

MADE OF SPECIALLY PREPARED RUSSIA LEATHER AND CANVAS FOR HOLLOW-GROUND RAZORS.

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THE AITCHISON PRISM FIELD GLASSES

MADE IN OUR OWN FACTORY IN LONDON.



No. 6, Magnifying 6 Diameters, £5.
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MONOCULAR (SINGLE TUBE) GLASSES HALF ABOVE PRICES.

Important New Features

LARGE OBJECT GLASSES, giving great increase in light-gathering power.
VARIABLE DIAPHRAGMS.

VERY GREAT ADVANTAGE.

The Patent Variable Diaphragms (Iris Pattern) are a most important feature of the Aitchison Prism Glass. These are controlled by a simple movement of the thumb-screw under focussing screw, and enable the user to control the light at will, partly closing to perfect definition by day, and opening to give full aperture for night purposes. The variations in light and shade obtained in this way are a most interesting study.

WHY BUY FOREIGN PRISM BINOCULARS WHEN THE "AITCHISON," LONDON-MADE, IS CHEAPEST & BEST?

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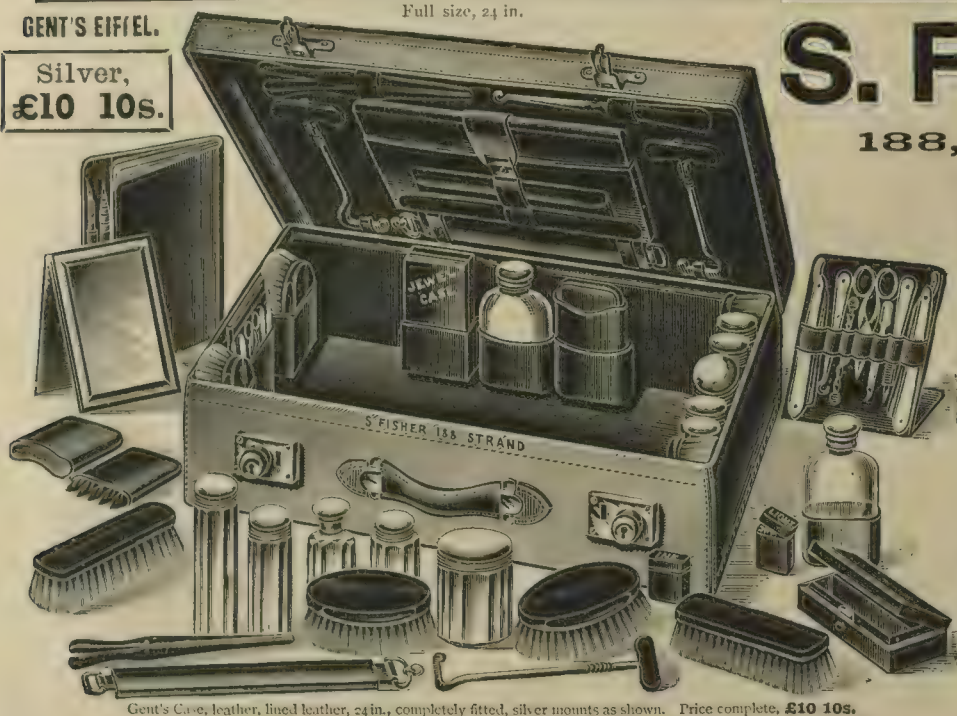
AITCHISON & CO.,

Opticians to H.M. Government,

428, STRAND; also at 46, FENCHURCH ST.; 281, OXFORD ST.; 6, POULTRY; 47, FLEET ST.; and 14, NEWGATE ST., LONDON.

GENT'S EIFFEL.

Silver, £10 10s.



Gent's Case, leather, lined leather, 24 in., completely fitted, silver mounts as shown. Price complete, £10 10s.

S. FISHER

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THE ORIGINAL FIRM. Established 1838.

Cases made to Customers' Fittings. Estimates and Designs Free.

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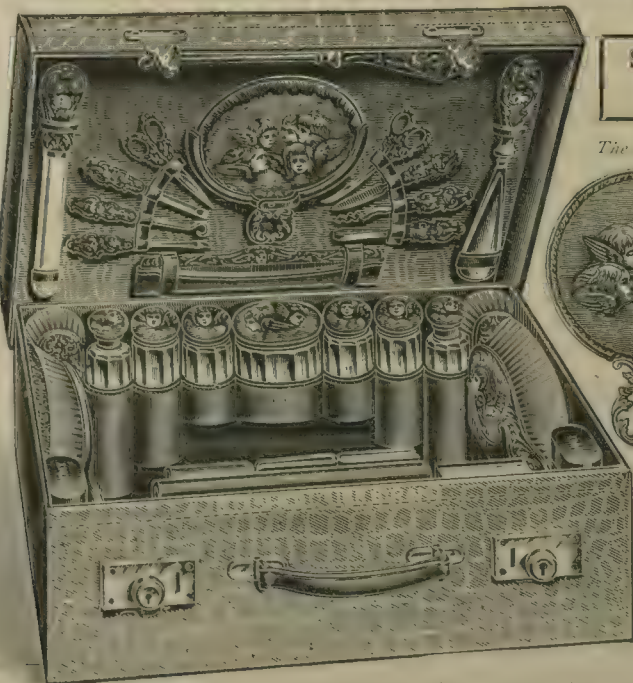
Silver, £10 10s.



Lady's Case, in leather, lined with silk, convenient size, 16 in., fully fitted with handsomely chased silver fittings, as shown. Price complete, £10 10s.

LADY'S EIFFEL.

All the Silver Fittings Handsomely Chased after **SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'** Celebrated Picture.



Silver, £30

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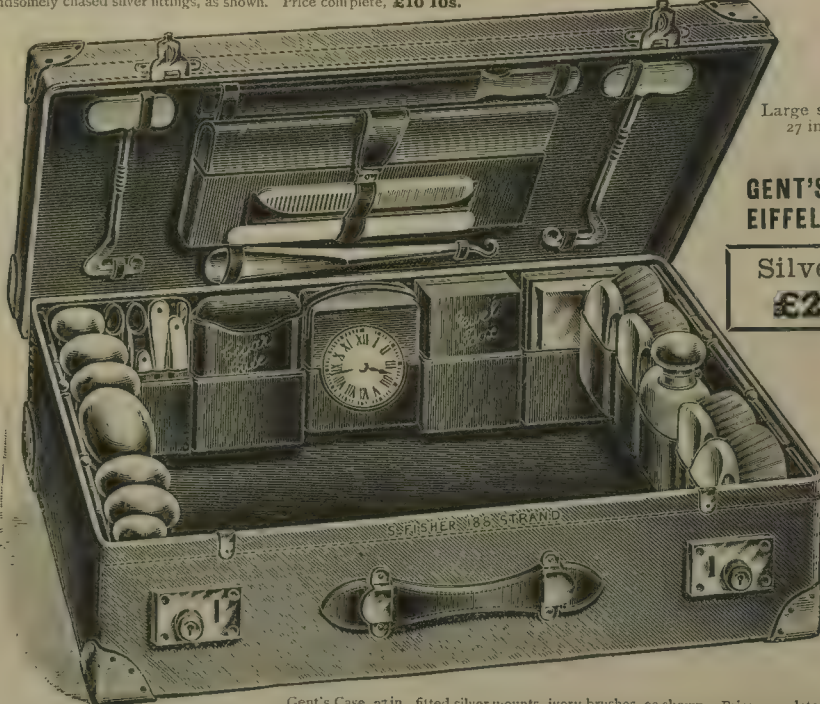


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Silver Fittings chased to any required design.

Catalogues Free.

One of Fisher's latest designs. A charming Case. Real crocodile. Silver fittings throughout of the beautiful Cherub design. Eminent suitable for a wedding present.



Large size, 27 in.

GENT'S EIFFEL.

Silver, £23

Gent's Case, 27 in., fitted silver mounts, ivory brushes, as shown. Price complete, £23.

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MAY BLOSSOM.—LUCIEN DAVIS.



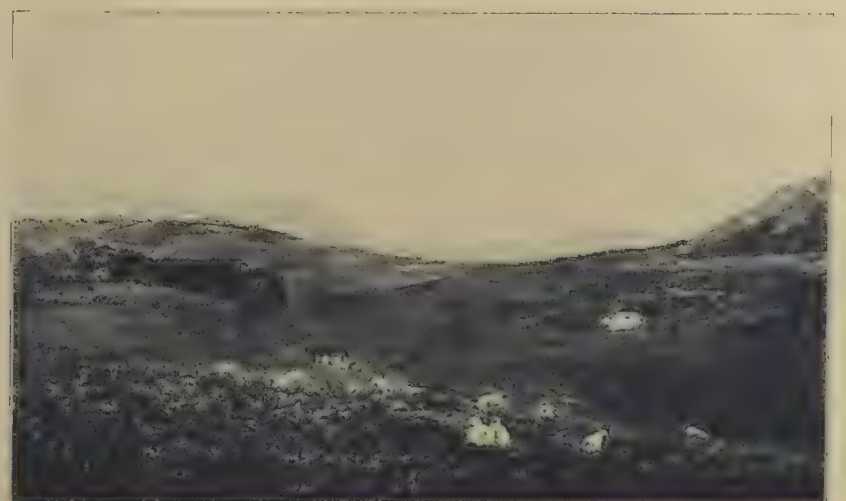
THE RETURN OF THE PRIVATEERS. J. L. WIMBUSH.



LILIES.—LUCIEN DAVIS.



THE ESCAPE: AN INCIDENT FROM THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.
FRANK O. SALISBURY.



THE SOUTH DOWNS, NEAR LEWES, SUSSEX.
MARMADUKE A. LANGDALE.

REPRESENTATIVE PAINTINGS FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1904



FLOWERS OF THE GRASS.—J. CLAYTON ADAMS.



THE GIRL WITH THE GESE.—GILBERT FOSTER.



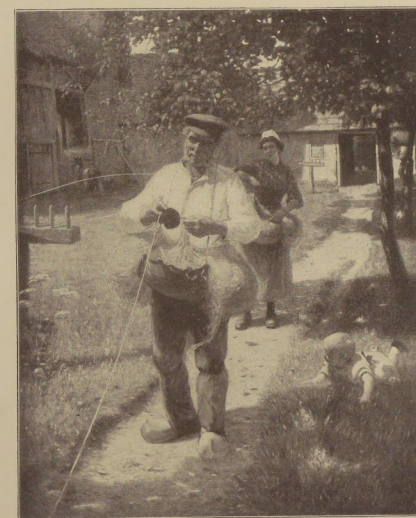
WATER-WEEDS.—J. CLAYTON ADAMS.



MRS. D. G. BRUCE-GARDYNE.—CATHERINE OULES.



THE WHITE SLAVE.—A. J. MUNNINGS.



THE ROPEMAKERS.—WALTER DONNE.



A WESSEX MOORLAND.—ARTHUR MEADE.



SLEEP.—CHARLES W. PITTARD.



LONDONDERRY.—NIELS M. LUND.



THE FISHERMAN'S EVENING—TERRICK WILLIAMS.



MELONS AND TOMATOES: RIMINI.—TERRICK WILLIAMS.



GEORGE II. KNIGHTING TROOPER BROWN OF THE 3RD DRAGOONS ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF DETTINGEN.—JAMES P. BEADLE.



DEPARTURE OF LANCASTER FOR THE EAST INDIES.
(Decorative Panel, one of a series for the Skinners' Company.)
FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



MRS. KENDAL, MISS ELLEN TERRY, AND MR. TREE IN "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."—THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

Subscriptions to

The Times.

UNDER THE NEW SYSTEM OF

HOUSE-TO-HOUSE DELIVERY

Will not be accepted for more than two years.

It has been announced that "The Times" will apply its new system of sale—assuring the daily delivery of "The Times" in many places where it cannot now be purchased, and effecting to the regular reader a substantial saving—to only a limited number of subscriptions.

This limitation is an important one, for it necessitates immediate action on the part of any reader of this advertisement who desires to make sure that he may be among those who will benefit by the adoption of a purely experimental new plan of sale, which may or may not be continued.

There can be no question but that the new system must operate to the purchaser's advantage, but it is as yet by no means certain that the loss of profit upon the sale of "The Times," which must inevitably result under the new conditions, will be counterbalanced by such an increase in the revenue from advertisements as shall warrant "The Times" in applying those new conditions to any very large part of its circulation.

A sharp distinction has therefore been made between subscriptions for only one year—52 weeks—and subscriptions for two years—104 weeks.

The reader who takes advantage of the two-year offer effects, of course, exactly twice as great a saving as is assured by the subscriber for one year. It is only natural that those who appreciate the benefits which purchasers gain from the new system should be eager to subscribe for as long a period as possible. But the subscription form which appears at the foot of this advertisement, in providing for a two-year subscription at most, indicates all that "The Times" will do.

No exceptions can be made.

"The Times" will not, under any circumstances, accept a subscription upon these special terms for more than two years—104 weeks.

Nor will "The Times" undertake to keep the two-year offer open for even as many days as the one-year offer.

The whole offer will in any case be withdrawn very shortly, and if subscriptions for two years arrive in any great number during the next day or two, "The Times" cannot even promise to keep this part of the offer open next week. It is only right that the

opportunity should be extended to as great a number of subscribers as it seems prudent to accept under the new conditions, rather than to half as many subscribers for twice as long a time. "The Times" incurs as great a risk by accepting one subscription for two years as by accepting two subscriptions for one year, and the nature of the risk is indeed such that it would be illogical to encourage two-year subscriptions at the cost of being compelled the sooner to refuse one-year subscriptions. Since the saving which the reader effects under the new conditions of sale directly diminishes the profit upon the sale of "The Times," it is only by an increased income from advertisements that the equilibrium can be maintained and "The Times" under the new conditions can remain upon the sound financial footing upon which it now stands and has always stood. That increase of the revenue from advertisements must obviously depend upon a prompt increase in the circulation as a result of the new conditions, and subscriptions for two years do no more immediately to increase the circulation of "The Times" than do subscriptions for one year.

It will readily be seen from this explanation that there is nothing arbitrary or unreasonable in the stringent enforcement of the rule that "The Times" will accept no subscription under the new system for more than two years, nor yet in the reservation made that the offer for two years may be withdrawn even sooner than the offer for one year may be.

Cheques need not bear a date earlier than July 4th.

THE MANAGER, THE TIMES,
Printing House Square, London, E.C. (fill in date).....1904.
I enclose my Cheque made payable to "The Times Special Account" and crossed "Barclay & Co.," for—
Strike out } 16s., to be followed by three payments of 16s. each, on October 8th and
one of } December 31st, 1904, and on March 31st, 1905.
these paragraphs. } £3, in full for one year—52 weeks.
Please enter my name as a discount subscriber to THE TIMES for one year—52 weeks—beginning with Monday,
July 4th, 1904, and finishing with Saturday, July 1st, 1905.
I desire THE TIMES to be delivered to me by post, post free, or through (a) Mr.
(fill in name of news-vendor)
.....of
(fill in address of news-vendor).

I engage not to sell the paper, and this subscription is subject to the conditions set forth in your published offer. If for any reason you desire to do so, you may with one week's notice stop the delivery, returning to me the due proportion of payments made for the unexpired term.

(Signature and Address).....

[Please write clearly]
IL. 2.

NOTE.—If the subscriber desires to secure THE TIMES for two years—104 weeks—he should enclose £6 and alter the form accordingly, thus obtaining what regular subscribers have hitherto paid £8 for. But THE TIMES does not promise to accept more than a few two-year subscriptions, and remittances arriving too late will be returned.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS should enclose with this form, whether they are making one payment in full or only a payment of 16s., an additional £1 6s. for Foreign Postage.

N.B.—Are you already a daily purchaser of "The Times"?

(a) Insert here Name and Address of News-vendor through whom you have hitherto received the paper, or of the News-vendor through whom you now desire to receive it.

BRITISH
MANUFACTURE.

THEREFORE
BEST.

A NECESSITY



ALL THE YEAR ROUND

COVERS A MUCH GREATER SURFACE,
IS MORE DURABLE,
AND CONSEQUENTLY CHEAPER THAN ORDINARY LEAD PAINT.

COLOUR-CARD FREE FROM

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL, LTD.,
NEW CROSS, LONDON, S.E.

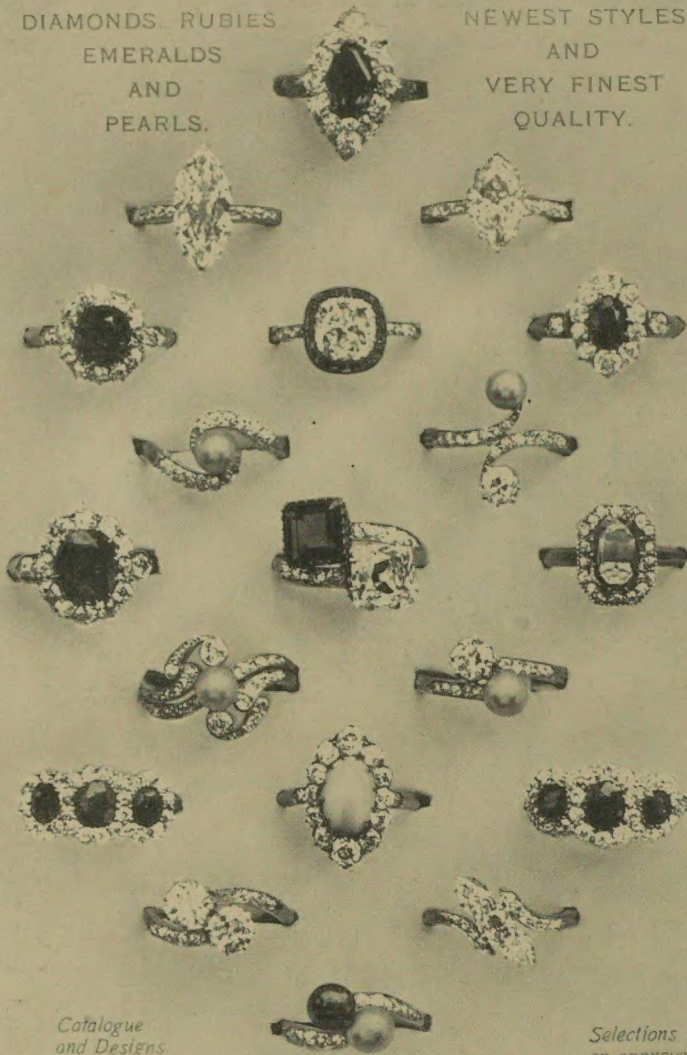
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JEWELLERS to all the COURTS of EUROPE.

DIAMONDS, RUBIES
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PEARLS.

NEWEST STYLES
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VERY FINEST
QUALITY.



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HANCOCKS & CO.,

Corner of BRUTON STREET and NEW BOND STREET, W.

Designs for Remounting Old Family Jewels made free of charge.



Fluted Bowl, "Queen Anne" Style.

GOLD MEDAL,
PARIS, 1900.

(MAPPIN BROTHERS INCORPORATED.)

Mappin & Webb
(Ltd.)

SPECIALISTS IN

STERLING SILVER PLATE.



Bold Fluted, Sterling Silver, Three-handled
Tankard, on Ebonised Plinth.

GOLD MEDAL,
PARIS, 1900.

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POST FREE.

CATALOGUES
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Sterling Silver Candelabra,
richly Chased and Fluted.

JEWELS

Originality of design in
union with faultless
setting is characteristic
of all the Company's
productions in their
Jewellery Departments.



Very handsome Fluted Tea and Coffee Service, in the style of "George II.," Ebony Handles and Knobs.



Corinthian Column Candelabra
in Sterling Silver.

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To be acceptable, must
possess more than mere
intrinsic value. The
Company invite inspection
of their latest choice
conceptions at either
London address.

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